

RAIL AGREEMENT—ALLIES AND RED HUNGARY

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

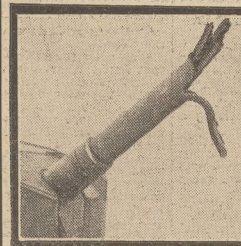
CLEARING UP THE MESS THE NAVY MADE AT ZEEBRUGGE



The mole, damaged by the blowing up of the old British submarine. Note conning tower on right.



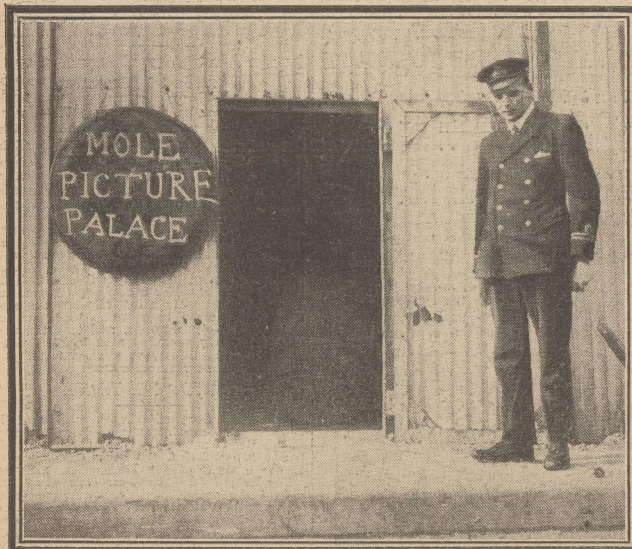
Hun-prisoners unload coal for British ships from German trucks.



An enemy gun on the mole.

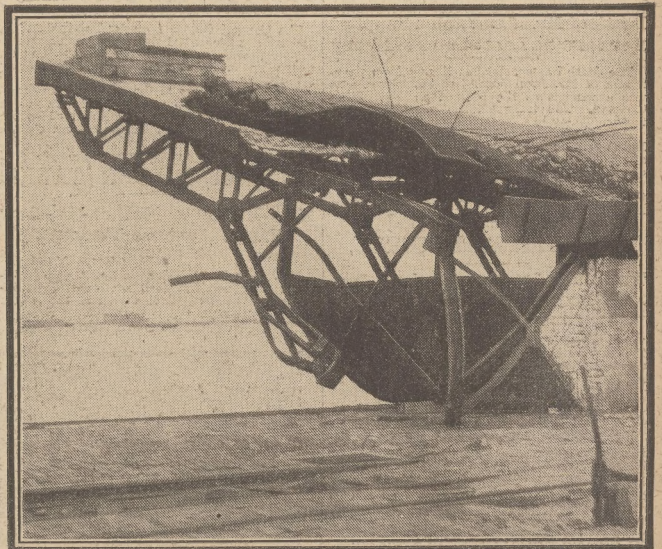


Crane blown up by Germans.



"The Mole Picture Palace," which was rigged up by the British.

Zeebrugge, used by the Germans as a nest for U-boats and mosquito craft, "went through it" on the occasion of our raid, but things are becoming ship-shape by degrees. Even a cinema has been erected, the name being inscribed in chalk on part of a



A "bombproof" U-boat shelter hit by a British airman.

Hun mine. Standing outside is a British naval officer, who does not wish to be taken for a commissioner. Note weights at the end of the crane. The Huns hoped it would fall into the harbour.—(Exclusive Daily Mirror photographs.)

M.P. AND HIS FAMILY IN A 7s. 6d. FLAT.

How Mrs. Jack Jones and Her Five Children Sleep.

'DON'T KNOCK YOUR HEAD.'

Mrs. Jack Jones, wife of the M.P. for Silvertown, E., showed *The Daily Mirror* round her "7s. 6d.-a-week" flat yesterday.

"The rent is cheap," she confessed, "but what a little space there is for all of us—seven altogether—in which to live!"

This flat, which Mr. Jones alluded to a few days ago in the House of Commons, is likely to become famous. "My house is so small that I have to open the window to put my trousers on," he told his fellow legislators.

It certainly is very small. Mrs. Jones was at first rather shy to show a visitor round. "Well, please come in," she said, "but mind you don't knock your head."

"This is the sitting-room," explained Mrs. Jones. "Please excuse the bed. We have five children, and they must sleep somewhere."

Another small room just off this was the M.P.'s bedroom. For a man of Mr. Jones' big, muscular build, it must be very difficult for him to dress in it. The space is mainly taken up by a bed. A narrow gangway around the bed is his only dressing space.

"MY DUTY TO STAY HERE"

The kitchen is of a fair size—easily the best room in the flat. But another sort of "box-room" just off it, with a bed and a mangle squeezed into it, rather spoils the picture. There is a tiny scullery.

"We have been trying and trying to get another house," said Mrs. Jones, "but we can't find one anywhere."

"My husband refuses to live anywhere except among his constituents in Silvertown." He has had offers of houses on the constituency, but he won't go. He thinks it his duty to stay here.

"So there is nothing to do but to make the best of it. With five children all growing up the difficulties of housing them properly here are very great."

Mr. Jack Jones told *The Daily Mirror* that some Government action should be taken as soon as possible to relieve the congested state of Canning Town and Silvertown.

"TO MARRY THE DUKE."

German Woman's Strange Statement to a Detective.

Eleanor Romaine, a German subject, was charged at Hull, yesterday, with entering a prohibited area.

It was stated that when a detective asked her for her papers she replied: "I have got none and I don't require any. I am the daughter of a colonel," and added that she was going to marry a duke in a few days.

When told she was the wife of an interned German she replied that she was not an alien. She was remanded in order that her mental condition could be examined.

MISS CARLETON'S FRIEND.

Death of Mr. Marsh, Who Supplied Actress with Large Sums of Money

The death has occurred at Epsom from pneumonia of Mr. John Marsh, of Savile-row, who was a witness at the inquest on Miss Billie Carleton. The funeral takes place at Epsom to-day.

Mr. Marsh was a friend of Miss Carleton. In his evidence he stated that he had known her about six years, during which time he had frequently supplied her with large sums of money. She had tea with him at his flat the day before the Victoria Ball, when he lent her £1,050 to get her jewellery out of pawn.

EXHIBITION TRAGEDY.

Two Killed Through Aeroplane Fouling Balloon Cable.

Lieutenant Fenwick, R.A.F., and John Underwood, naval wireless operator, were killed at the Newcastle Aircraft Exhibition yesterday through their aeroplane fouling the cable of a stationary balloon.

WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

Sunshine spots yesterday included the following health resorts: Nairn (Scotland), 10 hours; Skegness, 8 hours; Aberystwyth, 7 hours; Felixstowe, 6 hours; Clacton, 7 hours; Margate, 8 hours; Ramsgate, 8 hours; Hastings, 7 hours; Bournemouth, 7 hours.

DEATH SENTENCE ON DOCTOR.

Dr. M. O. McConnell, a Belfast practitioner, tried for murder at Belfast Assizes yesterday in connection with the death of a girl as the result of an illegal operation, was found guilty and sentenced to death. The jury made a strong recommendation to mercy.



Mr. Philip Snowden, who has resigned from the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic).



Mr. Lankester, K.C., the new metropolitan magistrate, vice Mr. John de Grey.

BABY BOY MYSTERY.

Three-Year-Old Child Found in Edgware Road Identified.

"FATHER FIGHTING GERMANS."

"What is your name?" asked *The Daily Mirror* yesterday of a little three-year-old boy who was found wandering near Edgware-road and was taken to Marylebone Workhouse last week.

"Frank Morton," said the blue-eyed little chap as he sat on the table in the workhouse waiting-room. "Daddy has gone to fight the Germans, and my birthday is on March 2." He went on gravely, as he ruffled his mop of fair hair with a chubby fist.

A police officer then came in to see little Frankie, and he was the bearer of good news.

"I have found out who the child is," he informed *The Daily Mirror*. "His mother's name is Ada Shepherd, and she has been working in the linen department of a London hotel. She sent him to live with his grandmother, Mrs. Marshall, at 57, Chippendale-lane, Harrow-road."

Last Thursday night the mother went to Mrs. Marshall and told her that she was going to Bristol and intended to take Frankie with her. The next thing was that he was found in Edgware-road.

The boy was found very soon after he left his grandmother's house. The mother used to pay Mrs. Marshall 10s. a week for looking after him. His name is really Shepherd."

VETERANS OF VICTORY.

Proposed Procession of the Older Men Through London.

On Saturday London welcomed the return of the Guards.

Why not a procession through London of the men over military age who volunteered in the early days of the war?

The suggestion has been made to *The Daily Mirror*. It is full of possibilities.

Among these veterans of victory would be a man of seventy-seven in a Labour Corps at Calais.

At Rouen a Scottish solicitor of nearly fifty was a clerk at General Headquarters, 3rd Echelon, and a Great Yarmouth tug-owner of sixty-five captained a boat on the rivers and canals.

NO DE VALERA WELCOME.

Ban Upon Meeting or Procession to Receive Sinn Fein Leader.

The General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in Ireland has prohibited the holding of any meeting or procession on Wednesday, the day on which De Valera was to make his state entry into Dublin.

This has reference to the ceremony arranged by the Sinn Fein headquarters when De Valera was to be received by the Lord Mayor of Dublin at Mount Street Bridge, Dublin, at six o'clock to-morrow evening.

DIED AT DINNER TABLE.

Mr. Kipling's Mother - in Law Passes Away at Vermont.

New York, Monday.
Mrs. Anna Smith Balestier, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's mother-in-law, died suddenly at Battleborough, Vermont, while seated at the dinner table.—Exchange.

£5,000 JEWEL THEFT.

Hole Cut Through Brick Wall of Jeweller's Shop.

WORK OF EXPERT GANG.

By cutting a hole through a solid brick wall, over one and a half feet thick, burglars entered the premises of Messrs. B.J. Frankland and Co., Ltd., jewellers, Ludgate-circus, E.C., during the week-end and stole between £4,000 and £5,000 worth of jewellery.

Inquiries by *The Daily Mirror* show that the burglary must have taken several hours to perform. It is believed to be the work of an expert gang, who were probably provided with picks and shovels for the work of excavation.

They gained an entrance to Messrs. Frankland's from the adjoining shop, a branch of a well-known dairy company. The manager of this shop told *The Daily Mirror* that he closed his premises at eight o'clock on Saturday night. It must have been after that hour, therefore, when the thieves entered.

Using, it is conjectured, a skeleton key, they got in and locked the door behind them. Descending to the cellar they cut a hole nearly 3ft. square through the brick wall into Messrs. Frankland's cellar.

Entering the jeweller's shop, they rifled the whole of the stock in the windows, carefully taking the rings, bracelets, etc., from their cases. Only small valuables, which could be easily carried, were stolen.

A big showcase was taken bodily into the cellar and smashed up there, and the finest gems and rings extracted.

GEMS IN A GARDEN.

Tale of Woman's Drives to Hotels and to Stations.

The story of the recovery of valuable diamonds which were dug up in a Dublin garden, their alleged theft from a merchant in London, and the alleged intrigue of a woman to obtain possession of gems valued at £3,500, the property of Mr. William Giles, a diamond merchant, of Hatton-garden, were again investigated at Marlborough-street yesterday.

Clara Whiteley, who was charged with a man not in custody with stealing the articles, was committed for trial. Bail was refused.

Miss Maud Davey said she was left in charge of a flat in Great Portland-street, and Whiteley called and said she wanted to take it, while George Eason, a taxi-driver, described how he drove Whiteley and a man to hotels and stations and to Great Portland-street. Twice he was asked to wait round the corner.

Mr. Giles has complained that he was locked in the flat when the diamonds were stolen.

A NEW WHITEHALL?

Offices for 12,000 Clerks—To Be Built Outside Congested Area.

New Government offices to accommodate departmental staffs and clerks to the number of 12,000 are to be erected outside the congested area of Central London, and will be started almost immediately.

Two sites have been acquired, one many acres in extent and close to a series of main lines, and the plans have been approved. Other sites will be secured if necessary.

INVALID BURNT TO DEATH

Noted Welsh Presbyterian Pastor a Victim of Fire.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Newtown, Monday.
Fire broke out at Aelwyryn, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, yesterday, when Miss Meddins, the shire, and Rev. Edward Parry, M.A., were burnt to death.

Both were confined to sick rooms. Mr. Parry's body was brought out of the burning house through a bedroom window. Up to a late hour last night the body of Miss Meddins had not been recovered from the ruins.

Mr. Parry, who was over seventy and a bachelor, had been pastor of the Newtown Presbyterian Church for nearly forty years.

GIANT AIRSHIP'S ALL NIGHT FLIGHT.

R 34 Leaves the Clyde to Circle Ireland.

HER SECOND TRIAL.

The Clyde-built giant airship, H.M.R. 34, started on its second trial flight yesterday with the object of spending the entire night in the air.

Colonel Hicks, the Admiralty pilot, was again in command, while several Admiralty representatives joined the crew in the commander's gondola.

An interested spectator was Signor Eugenio Frassono, Director of Airship Construction, Rome, who watched operations for the Italian authorities.

The airship made a rapid and graceful ascent in perfect weather, and after circling Clydeside proceeded westward towards Ireland, the intention being to circle the whole of Ireland and return to the Clyde to-day.

The Daily Mirror's Liverpool correspondent wires that an aerial expedition left there yesterday by the C.P. liner Montcalm to sound systematically, by means of kites, the upper air of the Atlantic.

EGYPT CALMING DOWN.

Full Enquiry To Be Instituted Into Administration.

Railway communication between Cairo and Alexandria has been restored, and the wireless telegraph is being used between Cairo and Alexandria, said Mr. Cecil Hammansworth in the House of Commons yesterday.

It was the intention of the Government as soon as possible to institute a full inquiry into the reform of the administration of Egypt, and Egyptian public opinion would be given every opportunity of being heard.

The Nationalist leaders have protested their innocence to General Watson, the commander of the forces in Egypt, saying that the mob got beyond their control, but they would do everything in their power to assist in the suppression of the rising.

The General informed them that he held them responsible for the dreadful excesses that had occurred, and that if the disorders did not cease the strong measures would be taken.

Lieutenant-General Sir E. S. Bulfin, the new Commander-in-Chief, has arrived at Cairo. At the Foreign Office yesterday it was stated that the situation was distinctly better. There is now no doubt that the outbreak was an organised rising, and but for the prompt measures taken by the authorities the revolt might have taken a more serious turn.

At Zagazig a Republic was declared, but quiet has been restored in that centre.

ROMANCE OF A SHILLING.

Queen Alexandra Takes Tea with Wounded "Tommies."

Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria yesterday took tea with 1,500 men in hospital blue who were being entertained by the Pastor John Stanley Entertainments Fund.

The Queen entered as the men were sitting down to tea, and before taking her own went round personally to each of the hundred tables to speak to the men.

"Mr. Stanley, some four years ago, saw wounded men hanging around the streets lonely and bored," Mr. Lodge, Nonconformist chaplain to military hospitals, told *The Daily Mirror*. "Having a shilling in his pocket he took the men to tea. Then he asked some home, and found they were but a few of many thousands of men. Then he raised £4,000, starting with his friends' shillings, and took the river boats to convey wounded men to Kew, where swingboats and other joys awaited them."

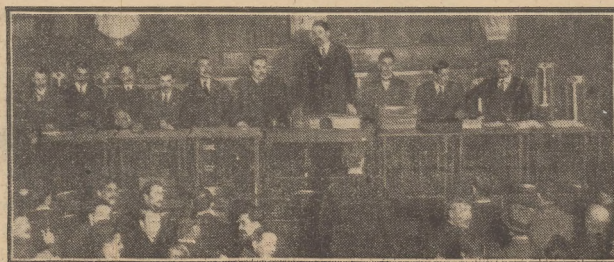
HER GRACE'S "NO, THANK GOD!"

Mrs. Mary Cornwallis West, mother of the Duchess of Westminster, was defendant in a King's Bench action yesterday brought by Mr. Bruno Ernest Kahn to recover £250 in respect of the tenancy of the Wilderness, Kingston.

The Judge held that the claim failed and dismissed the action, with costs. When giving evidence the Duchess of Westminster was asked if she had ever been in a court and twice before and she answered, "No, I have not, thank God."

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

South-East England.—Fresh north-easterly wind, strong at times on coast; fair generally.



POLICE PARLEY.—Mr. Marsden addressing union members in London yesterday.

RAILWAY AGREEMENT—PEACE TREATY IN A WEEK

LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.

Railway Agreement Waits Men's Final Word.

FATEFUL THURSDAY.

Once more the centre of interest in the railway crisis passes from the Board of Trade, where an important meeting was held yesterday, to Unity House.

On all the vital issues complete understanding with the Government was reached by the committees of the two unions at a conference, lasting over four hours.

Everything now depends on the decision of the delegate meeting of the N.U.R. which Mr. J. H. Thomas is to meet on Thursday.

When he left the Board of Trade last night, Mr. Thomas looked haggard and his voice was almost gone.

"It is over so far as this," he said to *The Daily Mirror*, "we have had the last word on the Government's interpretation of their offer. It only remains for the men to ratify the agreement or otherwise. You can place your own interpretation on the 'otherwise'."

Mr. Bromley, the engineers' leader, was sanguine and cheerful.

"I am more satisfied to-night," he said, "with the progress that has been made than I have been throughout the negotiations. We have at last arrived at something tangible, and if the same spirit is kept up during future negotiations I am confident that a final settlement will be arrived at."

"WELL DONE, BROMLEY!"

Sir Robert Horne, Minister of Labour, who was standing by while Mr. Bromley made his statement to *The Daily Mirror*, ejaculated, "Well done, Bromley."

"Yes," was the retort, "I shall get my hair pulled for this!"

"Never mind," said Sir Robert soothingly. "I think from the assurances given by the representatives of the Government that our members will have nothing to fear from a little more patience," added Mr. Bromley.

Mr. Bromley also protested against a statement that the situation had been rendered more difficult by jealousy between the unions. "Unless it refers to the shopmen and craft unions, I cannot understand it," said Mr. Bromley.

In an official statement issued by the Board of Trade at the conclusion of the conference it is stated that the whole of the concessions offered by the Government have been reviewed in the course of the negotiations, and an agreed interpretation arrived at.

If the terms are ratified by the two unions, the negotiations on the remaining items in the programme will be continued at once.

The terms are briefly as follow:—

THE TERMS.

A standard week's work of forty-eight hours. A standard week's wages, exclusive of any payment for overtime or Sunday duty, to be guaranteed to all employees. The guaranteed day is to be further discussed.

All time worked on weekdays in excess of the standard hours to be paid for at the rate of time and a quarter. Each day to stand by itself for overtime purposes.

Sunday duty to be paid at time and a half. All ordinary time worked between 10 p.m. and 4 a.m. to be paid at the rate of time and a quarter. All overtime between those hours at an inclusive rate of time and a half.

In all regular duty a period of twelve hours' rest. In other cases a minimum of nine hours.

One week's holiday with pay after twelve months' service.

The negotiating committees of the two unions to be recognised as the medium for dealing with all questions affecting rates of pay and conditions of service while the present negotiations are proceeding. A committee to be appointed to consider and report on suitable provision for the future in this matter.

The present wages to be stabilised till December 31, 1919, and any reduction of the war wage under the agreement of November, 1918, to be waived.

MR. THOMAS' WARNING.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, in the course of a statement yesterday said that the first essential was to get trade started, and he appealed to the men to shut ill-adviced action, and not to take the advice of those whose only conception of securing justice was by brute force to throw away the work that years of education and sacrifice had accomplished.

Sir Robert Horne, the Labour Minister, when asked yesterday for his view of the position, said: "The outlook is more hopeful; a strike is incredible."

EX-KAISER TO PAY?

Mr. Bottomley, in the Commons yesterday, asked whether any steps were being taken to earmark the private fortune of the Kaiser as a possible source of contribution to the cost of the war?

Mr. Bonar Law: Every possible source of payment by Germany is under consideration.

Berlin to Join with Russia?—Emissary Sent—70,000 Bolshevists on the March.

ALLIES AND RED PERIL—FOCH'S ADVICE.

Railway Crisis.—The railwaymen's leaders and the Government last night reached an agreement, which awaits ratification by the men on Thursday. The labour situation generally seems to be more hopeful.

A Bolshevist army, composed mainly of Hungarian and Bulgarian prisoners from Russia, has crossed the Dniester, south of Lemberg.

It is also reported that the Germans and German-Austrians are throwing in their lot with the Hungarian and Russian Bolshevists. Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German Foreign Minister, has sent Kautsky to Moscow to "negotiate" with the Bolshevist headquarters.

Trotsky is said to have a million "Red" men at his disposal.

Allied Premiers met in Paris yesterday to consider the situation, and Marshal Foch tendered his advice.

ALLIED TROOPS DISARMED IN BUDAPEST.

How Wave of Bolshevism Is Spreading.

The latest news last night as to the situation in Hungary, which has gone over to the Bolshevists, was as follows:—

A Zurich message states that a Bolshevist army of 70,000 men, commanded by Colonel Georgy, and composed mainly of Hungarian and Bulgarian prisoners of war from Russia, has crossed the Dniester south of Lemberg.

It is reported from Budapest that an Entente detachment, consisting of 247 men, was disarmed by Hungarian Guardsmen. All members of the Entente Mission have left—Vienna telegram.

German newspapers speak of "rumours that were spread by enemy propaganda from Budapest" to the effect that a Bolshevist army, concentrated at Stanislaw, had begun a march against Hungary and had crossed the frontier near Koroencumzeo, and that the Russians would in a few days be in Budapest.

These rumours, the German papers assert, are evidently ill-founded, but had their desired effect on the Communists, who, in the general confusion, which resulted, carried out a certain d'etat, joined the Majority Socialists and took over the reins of Government.

"If this report be true, the movement would seem to affect Budapest only. No report has, however, yet arrived from any other part of Hungary, and the attitude of the peasants is not known."—Exchange.

BANKS SEIZED.

Banks and other financial institutions in Hungary have been occupied by the Communists.

All quiet in Budapest. Telephone communication has been cut off.

"The movement was the supreme manoeuvre of Ebert and Scheidemann," says the *Petit Journal*, while the *Matin* considers that what is happening is the forerunner of what will happen in Berlin when Germany tries to evade peace conditions. The remedy is to take action in Russia, says the *Echo de Paris*.—Exchange.

"We are ready to defend ourselves to the last drop of blood against all attacks [Czechoslovak and Rumanian]." — Herr Bela Hungarian People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs.—Reuter.

Asked in the Commons if any food had been sent to Hungary, Mr. McCurdy said he must have notice of the question.

The Russian People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs, M. Tchicherin, in a wireless message to Budapest from Moscow, says: "As the Ukrainian Soviet troops are now approaching Galicia, we are thus near our Hungarian ally, who is in our enemies' rear."

WHAT WILL ALLIES DO?

Four Premiers Consider Situation—Foch Gives Advice.

Before the Supreme War Council met in Paris yesterday Mr. Lloyd George, President Wilson, Mr. Clemenceau and Signor Orlando examined the possible military consequences of the Bolshevist revolution in Hungary. Marshal Foch tendered his advice.—Central News.

Two French divisions (says the *Echo de Paris*), several Serbian divisions in readiness at Belgrade and the Rumanian Army are ready to deal with the Hungarian situation.

Mr. Marcelain, in *L'Espresso*, says: "We must send speedy assistance to Rumania and authorise their army to occupy Transylvania. Then this faked revolution will collapse."—Exchange.

Some days ago (adds Reuter) the Supreme Economic Council in Paris proposed that the blockade should be raised from the whole of the former Austrian Empire.

It is reported from Warsaw that the Polish Diet has unanimously adopted a proposal to con-

clude an alliance with the Entente Powers.—Central News.

It is officially stated in Vienna that a Czechoslovak army has been sent against Hungary. Some Entente troops who entered Budapest were disarmed by the Communists.

SPREADING LIKE FIRE.

Peril of Bolshevism Increases—Reported Overture by Berlin.

The Bolshevist peril has received a great impetus from Hungary's adoption of Bolshevism. A telegram from Vienna states that the Bolshevist movement is spreading in Bosnia, Croatia and Slavonia. Armed peasants and workmen are fighting against the Serbs, among whom Bolshevism is said to be gaining some influence.

Vienna.—Communists in Vienna held a meeting of sympathy for the proletarian dictatorship in Hungary, which later developed into a manifestation against the Entente.

German Austria.—"If the Entente treats us as it has treated Hungary, no one can tell what will happen," says Deutsch, German-Austrian Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

"A people driven to despair loses self-control. The result of five months' work might thus very quickly be destroyed for German-Austria, and the Entente by a thoughtless decision might lose the bulwark against Bolshevism which German-Austria really constitutes if no harm is done."

Politically.—Berlin.—With the object of means of rapprochement with the Soviet Government, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau (German Foreign Minister) has entrusted Herr Karl Kautsky to visit the heads of the Bolshevist Government and to report in detail on a strong party of Bolshevists.—Exchange.

Radek, the Russian Bolshevist leader, who was arrested during the Spartacist riots in Berlin, has been set at liberty.

Rumania.—A well-armed Bolshevist army is ready to invade Rumania, whose force has been mobilised to defend the northern frontier.—W. G. Shepherd.

Russia.—Odessa will be defended by the Allies against the Bolshevists, says Reuter.

Russians recently returned from Petrograd supply the following details of the Red (Russian Soviet) Army:—

The Left Vachetis is Commander-in-Chief in the field.

The Generals Cheremissoff, Porker, Kisiloff and Colonel Sytin have gone over to the Bolshevists.

Red Army is already 1,000,000 strong, and by the spring will number 3,000,000.

Chinese and Letts regiments are the mainstay of the Bolshevist Government.

Senior ranks in army receive fantastic pay: £300 a month is considered barely enough for a small official.

British Official.—North Russia.—On March 17 a strong party of Bolshevists captured the village of Bolshoezero (twelve miles west of Obzorskaya), which was garrisoned by troops of our Allies and local troops raised by them.

The enemy positions were being bombarded on March 22 and it was hoped by this bombardment to destroy all enemy accommodation, and thus, in the extreme cold prevailing, to compel his withdrawal.

30 DROWNED IN SEINE.

A ferry boat on the Seine, at Levallois-Perret, a suburb north-west of Paris, was cut in two by a tug yesterday; thirty passengers missing.—Reuter.

IMPORTANT DECISION BY GREAT POWERS.

Big Speed Up To Get Treaty Ready.

TERMS FORMULATED.

Drama of "a Race Between Peace and Anarchy."

PARIS, Monday.

An admission of the seriousness of the European situation and a realisation of the urgency of the conclusion of peace with Germany at the earliest possible moment may be read into a decision arrived at by the Great Powers to-day to make a big effort to have the treaty ready in a week's time.

It is authoritatively stated that with this end in view practically all the terms have now been formulated and their final shape will form the sole subject of discussion for the next few days between Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Clemenceau, Signor Orlando and President Wilson.

During that period it is unlikely that the Supreme Council will meet. As one delegate put it to-night, "It has become a race between peace and anarchy."—Reuter.

Erzberger, according to Reuter's Copenhagen correspondent, has been letting himself "go" on what he describes as the "disembowelling of Germany."

WELSH MINERS WHO ARE OUT FOR FULL DEMANDS.

24,000 Men on Strike in the Rhondda Valley.

Twenty-four thousand miners in the South Wales coalfield struck yesterday as a protest against the non-acceptance in full of the demands of their federation.

The conference of miners' delegates with Mr. Bonar Law will be resumed to-morrow, while the South Wales men (whose strike is unauthorised) to resume work pending the result of these negotiations. The miners have summoned mass meetings to consider this appeal.

There is a confident hope that to-morrow's deliberations will clear the way for a final settlement.

40,000 Nottinghamshire Miners are still on strike, no settlement being reached at yesterday's conference. The proceedings were adjourned till Friday.

RED FLAGS AND RIOTING IN BRISBANE.

Mob Largely Composed of Russians Make Attack on Police.

BRISBANE, Monday. A serious street riot has broken out. The mob, which was largely composed of Russians, included women. Red flags were carried through the streets and the police were attacked with sticks and stones.—Reuter.

DRAMATIC FUEL STORY.

NEW YORK, Monday.

The *New York Times* declares that Captain Edward Weisberger, U.S. Army Engineer, will be tried by court-martial at Governor's Island to-day charged with offences against the military services in England and the United States.

One charge is that he sought to sell to the British Government synthetic fuel containing picric acid which the War Department alleged, if used, had destroyed any internal combustion engine in which it was employed.

Weisberger is further charged with threatening to withhold the use of his fuel inventions from the American Army and Navy unless he and some other friends were promoted to the rank of colonel.—Exchange.

THE PLUCKY PRINCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Monday. Private Gerald Murphy, of the Grenadier Guards, who has returned to London after taking part, with his battalion, in the fighting on the western front up to the taking of Manbeuge, writing to his father at Whaleybridge, says that the Prince of Wales took his share in going over the top and in other dangers just like the other officers.

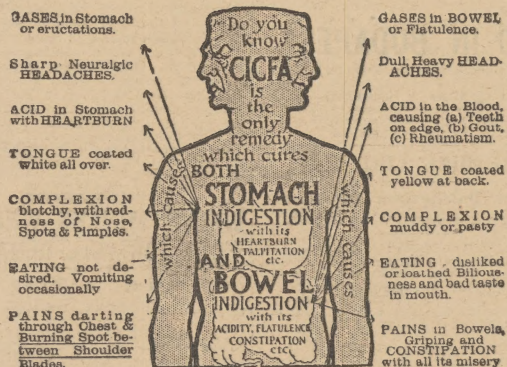
In the words of the men he is described as plucky.

MY DOCTOR says

CICFA IS THE CURE FOR INDIGESTION

Then you may Eat Bread, Potatoes, &c.

Mr. J. F. Barter, of Wembley, writes: "Having had a long illness, my digestive organs have gone quite wrong. My doctor has prescribed Cicfa, so you will please send me one 3/- size, for which I enclose Postal Order."



Doctors may disagree on some points, but *they all agree* that there was no cure for INDIGESTION until Cicfa was produced, and that Cicfa is a perfectly reliable Cure for Indigestion in both Stomach and Bowel.

Thousands of doctors when informed of the different kinds of digestive ferments combined in Cicfa, at once concluded that it would restore digestion. Over 5,000 doctors wrote to us for samples of Cicfa, many other doctors were so convinced that they prescribed Cicfa without waiting for samples. They were so pleased with the results and so delighted to have at last obtained a reliable cure for Indigestion, both in Stomach and Bowel, that more than 400 have written us testimonials, which, of course, we are not permitted to publish with name and address.

Here follows one of those letters from a doctor of high standing which we have received, and which we give word for word.

THIS DOCTOR writes:—"I am pleased to say I have personally tried your Cicfa and derived much relief from them. I have also given them to my father, who is 90 years of age, and only suffers from Flatulent Dyspepsia. He has had immense relief. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial if you will kindly withhold my name and address."

The doctors knew that Cicfa must cure, and why it would cure, because

they knew its ingredients would digest all the Albuminous foods like eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and all the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes, bananas, etc., in the Bowel, thus digestion would become perfect, and there would be no more Flatulence, Constipation, Heartburn, Headaches, etc.

No other remedy has ever been produced for prescribing, or for the public direct, which has this power.

On your holidays, and when travelling, you are generally Constipated. That is not your Liver—it is Bowel Indigestion which is caused by change of food, etc. Cicfa prevents and cures it, and makes your holiday a joy.

15,000 BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa. Very many of them have written us privately of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use. When thousands of British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof. You can proceed to take it at once. Purchase from your Chemist (all Chemists sell Cicfa at 1/3 and 3/-).

There is no SHORTAGE of CICFA, which you CAN OBTAIN from ALL CHEMISTS or if there is delay POST FREE from us on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps.

THE CICFA COMPANY,
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MAYPOLE MARGARINE

THE VERY BEST:

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A LB.

WHY PAY MORE?

NOTHING FINER MADE

MAYPOLE TEA

The Very Best:

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No Higher Price.

Also a Reliable Blend at 2/2 a lb.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO. LTD.

889 Branches now open.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1919.

"WHAT WILL HAPPEN?"

WHAT will happen when the new Budget is announced? What will the new taxes be? What will their effect be on national finance?

Nobody knows; and, while nobody knows, nobody can act. The business world (of big and little men) must wait and see. It must suspend judgment.

Hurry the Budget, hurry the announcement, hurry the financial definition of our State!

What will happen in the world of strikes, as we may now normally describe the world of industry? Negotiations stagger on. Rumours fly about. Nobody knows.

And, while nobody knows, nobody can make plans, or foresee, or get to the great new tasks. All is in uncertainty and flux.

Hurry the settlement, cease quibbling over details with labour, drive at the main issue, agree with the adversary quickly. Hurry industrial peace.

What is happening in revolutionary Eastern Europe? In Hungary? What is the extent of the aggression meditated there? Who drove these peoples to the despair of Bolshevism? Who will rescue them or oppose them?

Nobody knows. While nobody knows, a thousand discordant and idiotic plans fly about the air—particularly the air of Paris.

Absurd suggestions are made for vast permanent armies to keep watch upon the East: suggestions amounting to immense new wars absorbing the money, food, transport so sorely needed in Europe. Nobody knows which, if any, will be adopted.

Hurry the peace, hurry the peace of justice, swiftly make plainer to these peoples that we seek such a peace for the good of all, and not a peace on predatory lines condemning them to economic slavery and ruin. Hurry the peace.

Or else . . . obviously, otherwise, there are other things that will hurry—desperate thoughts making for "red" revolutions, anarchy, confusion, consequent new wars.

Hurry with the good to meet the hurry from the evil!

HOW TO SAVE.

THE Report of the Commission on National Expenditure is out to-day. It is a vast Blue-book.

But it is not so vast as the expenditure. Gigantic sums are mentioned as needlessly flung away—just chucked out of Whitehall windows—just dropped or lost or mislaid. Take one instance.

Investigations took place about certain contracts and prices in gun ammunition. Result, £35,000,000 saved in two war years.

Good! But no investigation having taken place in dozens of other departments we may presume that many millions are not being saved elsewhere. The fantastic fling-about continues.

The Commission report in favour of considerable parliamentary reforms.

They hold that the procedure of the House of Commons is inadequate to deal with modern expenditure. They hold that the Treasury itself should not be a spending department. They want Standing Committees to investigate and control the outpouring of public money.

No doubt. But who will watch the Committees? For that (it seems to us) we need a great Public Economist, a strong man to gather up threads, a Gladstone, a financial puritan. The thing has grown so disastrous that we need a directing genius to reduce it to some measure of order and common sense.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

For forms of Government let fools contest; What'er is best administer'd is best: For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; His can't be wrong whose life is in the right. —Pope.

A FORTUNE IN A FACE: BUSINESS LOOKS

THE SORT OF APPEARANCE THAT GETS GOOD JOBS.

By VAUGHAN DRYDEN.

MUST be neat writer and quick at figures." This well-known phrase will vanish from the advertising columns of the newspapers if Professor Alfred Hubert has his way.

Instead of this we shall have employers announcing:—

"Must have square face and ears set high."

Or:—

"No round-headed men need apply."

Yes, in future, faces and not figures will be discussed when help is being hired.

At the recent dinner of the Sales Managers' Association Professor Hubert said that there were vast possibilities in the scientific method of choosing employees. Unless one

next week. He has a large family and an egg-shaped head."

Or:—

"I've got a new sales manager coming in on Monday—a splendid chap, with a slight notch at the root of his nose. I'm giving him a thousand a year, and the shape of his eye sockets alone is worth that."

Of course, it is a delicate matter to handle, but I am not sure that the same rules will not apply to helpers of what is generally known, for some mysterious reason, as the "gentler" sex. Trust a woman to sum up the physiognomical characteristics of another woman!

IN THE HOME.

One's wife will say anxiously: "Dear, I'm not quite happy about Ellen. She seems a good, willing girl; but I noticed this morning that her nostrils are widely open, and I'm afraid she might be unkind to Baby." This kind of test, naturally, will be extended to shorthand-typists and all the noble

THE PUBLIC MONEY AND THE PUBLIC MAN.—No. 6.



He is soft-hearted and doesn't like to see people out of work. So he goes on paying them just the same—with tax-payers' money.—(W. K. Haselden.)

looked at the contour of a man's head it was impossible to judge of his capabilities or possibilities. And then the professor launched out into details, from which one gathered the outstanding facts that the man with a round face, however charming as a social companion, could not be relied upon in business, and that a square face was ideal in an employee.

This, of course, is a great help. We need not now bother about the handwriting and accuracy of the young men we hire. We shall notice the space above the eyes, we shall take particular observation of the shape of the chin. We shall, in fact, all behave like modern editions of Cleanthes the Stoic.

Our letters of recommendation, too, will be of a different fashion. Like this:—

"The bearer was in my employ for three years and left of his own accord. I have pleasure in saying that I found him honest, willing and industrious, with a rounded and obtuse nose and ears set high above the angle of the jaw."

City men will brag about the chins and noses of their staff. In the first-class smokers of the Underground about five in the afternoon there will be remarks of this kind:—

"I'm going to give my head clerk a

army of city clerks. Base fellows have said that in the Girl a pair of big blue eyes and a rosebud mouth have great job-getting qualities, to the exclusion of the woman clerk who is, like old-fashioned cooking, plain but good. This, of course, nobody believes except the pessimists. In future, however, the kissable mouth and the sun-lit hair will be among the also-rans. The bright and business-like young woman who pounds the patient typewriter will send in an application for a job in which she will demurely state:—

"My speeds are 120 and 60, and I have a noticeable fullness over the eyes and a slightly hooked nose."

Most employers, made cautious by experience, may distrust these self-descriptions, and insist upon a photograph accompanying any application for a post. This, of course, will mean great developments (happy phrase) in the photographers' trade. The re-toucher, too, will have to reconsider the position.

"Business photographs a specialty" the enterprising Iran behind the camera will announce. And instead of eyes being made more melting and noses more Greek during the re-touching process, jaws will be squared, mouths made firmer.

V. D.

LABOUR AND FINANCE.

THE DANGER OF UNCERTAINTY IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

BETTER HOMES.

I would suggest that the Government should exercise the necessary control over the habitable conditions of buildings, and that any increase of wage should be so adjusted that it should not be paid to the miner himself, but should be placed to a fund (Government controlled), to which the miner subscribed two-thirds and the company one-third, and this amount to be the miner's property.

W. H. S.

GOOD FELLOWS.

MINERS on the whole are not unreasonable (I found all those I met at the front to be jolly good fellows), but they are apt to be led away by the eloquence of agitators.

They deserve credit, and time to make up for the hard and horrible conditions under which they work.

I wonder how many of us, when we criticise the miners, would like to take over their jobs? CRISTIS.

SETTLE DOWN!

LET labour settle down soon! If not there will be nothing to give it or to give anybody.

We are killing the golden goose—the earning capacity and hopes of the community as a whole. Without the community being on a sound financial basis labour cannot profit.

M. E. FELTON.

INSTEAD OF TRADE UNIONS?

WITH new machinery set up to deal with industrial grievances, why not abolish trade unions?

Some have degenerated from their former purpose of safeguarding the interests of each trade, they are now a prey to paid agitators, whose job it is to stir up unrest, and thus are a menace to the country in tyrannising by minorities over majorities who have no wish to strike, but under the present system are compelled to do so, at the bidding of hotheads who are the tools of these agitators.

Nowadays, whatever is inefficient and a hindrance to progress must be scrapped, therefore trade unions must go, and efficient machinery be substituted.

This should consist of (1) "Redressers of Grievances" suggested by your Labour correspondent, whose duty will be to point out minor grievances to employers; (2) A board of representatives of employers and employed to settle more important points by mutual agreement, failing which, (3) the decision of the Industrial Arbitration Council must be final.

Strikes will thus cease to be, by the removal of any possible shadow of excuse for striking.

D. N. B.

ECONOMY.

AN "Earnest Inquirer" asks whether "economy in departmental expenditure could not be insisted on."

Yes, it could and would be if the representatives of the people realised their responsibilities and power.

The Press also should now be quite free to uphold the economic welfare of the State; and should be, like Caesar's wife, above reproach.

The people could then be more hopeful for the future of the Fatherland.

Their watchwords, "Peace, retrenchment and reform." Most of the reform necessary, there are many, could be carried out without much extra expenditure through the existing departments of the State and the local councils.

SECTATOR.

DEATH AND DREAMS.

THE writer of a letter signed "Futurity," on page 5 in your issue of Saturday, claims that he is "the first to make the statement that we die nightly."

May I invite his attention to Macbeth, Act 2, Scene 2, wherein sleep is described as "the death of each day's life."

But Shakespeare was too clear-headed to confuse sleep with death, except in a poetic sense, and he makes this clear in Scene 3 of the same play.

... Malcolm! Awake! Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit! And look on death itself! Up! Up! and see.

G. F. B.

"FUTURITY" may be the first to say that "we die every night" (a statement obviously incorrect, as death means cessation of the body's life, which certainly does not take place every night), but millions have for ages past been taught, and believed, and thousands are now learning to believe that sleep is merely rest in unconsciousness of the body while the spirit passes temporarily into that world or state which will be its final destination when death of the body takes place.

A STUDENT.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 24.—Since pea sticks are very scarce in most districts, some gardeners may prefer to grow dwarf varieties of peas this season. Peas that only attain a height of about 12in. can be grown in rows that run 12in. apart. It is, however, wise to support them with twine or short sticks.

Where mice abound the seeds should be moistened and then rolled in red lead. Stretch plenty of black cotton above the rows to keep birds away, and directly the young plants appear give them a light moulding up.

Later sowings should be made in a slight depression; the plants are then more easily kept moist.

E. F. T.

Save Worry, Time, and Trouble
when Spring Cleaning this year,
and learn how to do it at

GAMAGES

GREAT EXHIBITION OF
LABOUR-SAVING DEVICES.
MARCH 24 to APRIL 5, 1919.
Daily Demonstrations of all the
Latest Appliances.

The Famous 'Rex' & 'Super-Rex'

VACUUM CLEANERS

Are being demonstrated
at Stand No. 19.

You do not want a vacuum
cleaner to pick up rags,
shavings and waste paper,
but to get the dust which
you cannot see, but
which you know is in your
carpets.

The Rex and Super-
Rex will do this efficiently,
in half the time and with one-
tenth the labour of any other
Vacuum Cleaners.

Note the Price—

"REX" 40/-

"SUPER-REX" 47/-

Extra attachments
as desired.

Carriage paid.



In connection with this Exhibition a
Novel Competition is being organised.
Ask for Booklet.

GO IN AND WIN A PRIZE!

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN,
London, E.C.1

VEN-YUSA SHAMPOOS ENSURE



A
HEALTHY
HEAD OF HAIR

THERE is no feature of a
woman's good appear-
ance so attractive as a head
of healthy, abundant, and
well-kept hair; and no
treatment assures this hair
beauty and scalp comfort so
certainly as regular sham-
poo with Ven-Yusa Sham-
poo Powders. Besides
cleansing and invigorating
the hair, Ven-Yusa Shampoo
Powders give it a lasting
antiseptic protection against
infectious germs. No matter
how faded or lifeless your
hair has become, Ven-Yusa
Shampoos will restore that
full of life appearance which
denotes real hair health.



Don't put up with 'Second-Best'

Don't be tempted to buy inferior
Margarine for the sake of a few
pence. In buying Margarine the one
all-important thing to insist upon is
quality. Come to Pearks Stores and

Get the Margarine with
the Butter quality—

Pearks Margarine

in

Fresh Rolls

per 1/- lb.

You can afford the best: Pearks
delicious Margarine is only 1/- per lb.
Come and try a
lb. to-day. You
will find it just
like the finest
country butter—
as rich and
creamy, as pure
and nourishing.

You can also buy
**Pearks
Margarine**
per 8^d. lb.
Unsurpassed for Value

Pearks Stores

Over 400 Branches
throughout the Kingdom.

Meadow Dairy Co., Ltd.

A BEAUTY GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" ENSURES REAL
HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

1,000,000 "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

NO woman in the world possesses as her
natural birthright such exquisitely fine hair
as the British woman. With proper care, it
becomes, indeed, the very crown of her charm
and beauty. Under the treatment of "Harlene
Hair-Drill" everyone can possess this crowning
beauty, and can assure herself of the truth of
this declaration by self-demonstration free of
expense. A Free Trial Outfit is now ready for
your acceptance.

No longer, therefore, is there any necessity or
excuse for anyone not to prove by personal expe-
rience how "Harlene Hair-Drill" causes the hair to
grow in health and beauty.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR—WRITE NOW.

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about
two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real
hair health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse
or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the
first step to secure it.

"I have been struggling with my hair all this
time, and it seems to get more dull and lifeless
every day."

"I had the same diffi-
culty as you, but after a
short course of 'Harlene
Hair-Drill' you see the re-
sult—bright, fresh and lus-
trous, and, moreover, easy
to dress."



FREE
TO
YOU

It is wonderful what only 2 minutes a day prac-
tice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the
cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of
hair. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the
1,000,000 free 4-in-1 Gift Outfits. (See Coupon be-
low.)

So many women are now engaged in valuable but
hair-injurious work that the proprietors of Edwards'
"Harlene-for-the-Hair" have decided to make yet
another great 1,000,000 Gift distribution of "Har-
lene" Outfits.

This is really a Four-in-One Gift, for it includes:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food
and natural tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-
cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which pre-
pares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives
a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially
beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be
"dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-
Drill" Manual of Instruction.

Do not delay in sending for this Hair-Health and
Beauty Gift; the demand will be great, and early
application is desirable.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" MAKES YOU LOOK YEARS
YOUNGER.

It is only to be expected that this unique Gift will
be gratefully accepted and appreciated by the
million and more women workers. They will find
that "Harlene Hair-Drill" cultivates and preserves
the hair against all unhealthy conditions; that it
makes the poorest hair thick, luxuriant and glossy;
that it overcomes all hair troubles, and makes a
woman or girl look years younger and doubly at-
tractive by improving both the quantity and
quality of her hair.

After a Free Trial you
will be able to obtain
further supplies of "Har-
lene" at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d.,
and 4s. 9d. per bottle,
"Uzon" Brilliantine at
1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. per
bottle, and "Cremex"
Shampoo Powder at 1s. 11d.
per box of seven shampoos
(single packets 2d. each)
from all Chemists and
Stores or direct from
Edwards' Harlene, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's
Conduit-street, London,
W.C.1.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM.

DETACH AND POST TO EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD.,
20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free
"Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as
described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for
postage and packing to my address.

Daily Mirror, 25/3/19.

NAME TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address
clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this
Coupon to it, and post as directed above.
(Mark envelope Sample Dept.)

THE FUTURE OF COMMERCIAL AERIAL TRANSPORT.

SLOW BUT CERTAIN PROGRESS SHOULD FOLLOW PROPER ORGANISATION.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. S. BRANCKER, K.C.B.

General Brancker held some of the highest posts in the Air Force, both in the field and at the Air Ministry. He is now a director of the Aircraft Manufacturing Company. He replies in this article to the criticisms of commercial flying recently published on this page.

MUCH has been written and much has been said concerning commercial aviation during the last six months, but the time is at hand when active commercial operations will commence, and when, incidentally, the public will be called upon to provide the sinews of war for these operations. So, perhaps, a few words from a man who has been an active participant in the struggle of military aviation towards its great success, and who has thrown in his lot with the future of commercial aeronautics, may not be amiss.



Gen. Brancker.

Generally speaking, the official statements on the subject made at public dinners and elsewhere have been sane and moderate, and very encouraging to private enterprise. On the other hand, many writers have adopted the most extreme opinions, some talking as if we should all be flying to the uttermost ends of the earth within a few months, and others gloomily foreboding that nothing practical will be done for many years to come.

Five years ago military aviation was struggling to life in much the same atmosphere. Aviation will develop steadily in the future, and, allowing for the slower growth of peace as compared to the hothouse forcing of war, ten years hence we shall probably be looking back with surprise at our doubts and misgivings of to-day.

The critics who decry the possibilities of aviation as a useful commercial means of conveyance usually bring against it the charges of danger, unreliability and excessive expense. The danger of flying with a well-versed and experienced pilot in a machine of established design and careful manufacture is really almost negligible. It will certainly grow smaller. The second charge—unreliability—is more difficult to meet at the present moment.

WEATHER DIFFICULTIES.

There are two causes for unreliability—first, failure in either the engine or the aeroplane itself, and, second, inability to fly through bad weather. The first will soon be eliminated once commercial aviation is properly organised and really a going concern. It is merely a matter of careful manufacture combined with the employment of efficient and experienced mechanics for the maintenance of the aircraft in use.

Unreliability owing to weather is more difficult to deal with, and will take longer to correct. The first quality in aircraft necessary to attain reliability is speed—the higher the speed the less the effect of the weather.

The strength of the wind is the same to-day as it was 100 years ago; the speed of aircraft has almost trebled itself since 1911, and the more we develop speed the easier it will be to nullify the delaying effects of a head wind, and so be able to run really to time.

In combating the weather, of course, the experience of the pilot counts for much, and when the details of the work done by the Communication Squadron at Hendon and the Mail-Carrying Squadrons working between Kent and Cologne are really examined and carefully considered, I think it will be realised that, with absolutely first-class pilots and properly-organised air routes, we should be able to fly on almost every day of the year.

The third charge—that of expense—is the most serious. Aviation is an expensive means of conveyance, and must be so for many years to come.

It is only logical that the power to fly in a dead straight line at 100 to 140 miles an hour across forest, mountain, sea and river must be paid for, and it is only commodities whose rapid transit is sufficiently important to enable high rates to be paid that can usefully be carried by air at the present time.

With this made clear, it is obvious that the commodity which justifies beyond all others such a rapid and expensive form of transport is correspondence.

Like all other forms of transport, to ensure economy and profits, a full load is necessary. It may sound nonsense to say that it will be difficult to obtain a full load for an aeroplane, but a little calculation will show that if air

route letters are limited in size and weight, as they should be, and rated at perhaps thirty times the cost of an ordinary letter, as they must be, it would be quite difficult to obtain a full aeroplane load of mails every day from, let us say, India.

Next to the mails come those passengers and cargoes for which high rates will be willingly paid for high speed, and in cases where other means of transport are very slow or non-existent.

Passengers are more difficult to deal with than mails on the long routes, because they must be housed and fed en route, whereas by the stage system the mails could fly day and night without any such facilities. The rates must be high, naturally, but as accommodation will be limited it is not likely to exceed the demand.

At this very moment champagne from France and food and cloth to Belgium and Germany must be remunerative cargoes.

One thing is clear in my mind. If we are going to make commercial aviation a really businesslike success, we must go slowly and organise properly. To-day no fully-equipped air route exists and not one aircraft really

designed for commercial purposes has taken the air.

A good deal of flying will be done this summer, but most of it will accomplish no useful purpose beyond giving the inquisitive and enterprising a new sensation, and perhaps making, perhaps losing a little money for those who administer it. It will all be useful experience, but it must be remembered that the real commercial use of aviation is to cover the big distances, to link up the uttermost ends of the earth.

Enterprises such as these take time to develop and time to organise before they can give returns on the capital sunk in their creation; so let the public realise that commercial aviation is not an investment from which quick returns can be expected.

Much spade work and much careful building are essential before success can be attained.

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS.

The League of Nations may or may not be about to accomplish great things; one fact is certain, however—it will enforce the reduction of armaments and so curtail the military air-power of Europe.

The wisely-governed nation, whilst cordially supporting a measure which will prevent much unproductive expenditure, will foster commercial aviation by all possible means, realising that in the future the nation with the greatest aerial commerce, backed by the most efficient and extensive aircraft industry, will be able to protect its interests and preserve its honour, fearlessly and with confidence; for aerial strength will mean everything in the next great war.

W. S. B.



MORE CANADIANS GO HOME.—Troops on landing-stage at Liverpool. They are about to embark on the Empress of Britain. ("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

JAZZ TO CURE THAT TIRED FEELING.

KLAXONS, TIN PANS AND DRUMS FOR DINERS.

By JULIAN HARE.

THE rattle of side-drums. . . A bang. . . A blot. . . A burst of synopetized rhythm. . . Swaying shoulders. . . The crash of brass. An extravagant medley of noises. The fascinating sound of breaking glass. . . A jazz band.

Fussy people are troubled by misgivings. Canon Drummond thinks jazz is low, degrading. But he has no personal knowledge of it; he has only read and heard about its peculiarities. He can have no real appreciation of jazz joys.

Jazz recalls the delicious moment, when, in your first pair of knickers, you drove a cricket ball through the greenhouse. Sometimes it recalls your subsequent experiences.

If there were enough greenhouses in London for everybody to drive a ball through, we could dispense with jazz. Unfortunately greenhouses are few and expensive; therefore jazz is likely to remain with us.

"The intention is not to make music, but to make a noise," objects Canon Drummond. He forgets that noise is always healthy, while often music is not. Healthy things, like children, love noise; only sophisticated dullards object to it.

A broad-shouldered boxer friend of mine cannot dine without jazz. He takes this orchestra of tinpans and klaxons as other men take a cocktail. It stimulates his jaded brain.

"Don't you think it's rather overdone?"

I asked him.

"Not a bit. We don't get half enough zipp into it yet. We want a super-jazz. It's the grandest tonic; the greatest anti-mope ever."

That is his belief. He does not pretend that it is music. Perhaps he despises music; it makes him feel things; life becomes too complex. For him, musicians are too emotional.

He is tired after a monotonous day in the City. He does not want to poetise and become introspective. The physical fillip of the jazz is just the thing to cure that stale feeling.

"A jazz tune is like five rounds in the ring," he told me the other day. "If I could, I would spend my evening with the gloves on. But I can't. There are not many opportunities for a vigorous spar after the office."

That is why he likes jazz with his dinner. He takes his grumbling smilingly, until a particularly cunning bit of jazz-craft knocks him out of time. But he comes up smiling and asks for more. It tones his nerves and knocks the flabbiness out of him. It is a mental massage.

There is perhaps only one improvement to be suggested. It would be much jollier if restaurateurs would provide their customers with klaxons, tinpans, drums and other jazz instruments, so that they might form a grand chorus to the efforts of the orchestra.

The innovation might have the most far-reaching results. Our national reticence could not be preserved. We should become sociable; in time, perhaps, jovial.

All of which would make for the gaiety of nations.

J. H.

AN INTERNATIONAL CHARTER FOR LABOUR.

THE WORK OF THE COMMITTEE IN PARIS.

By OUR LABOUR CORRESPONDENT

This article describes the far-reaching work of the Paris Committee on behalf of Labour.

IT is many years ago now since, with Sir Charles Dilke, the present writer backed a Bill to prevent sweated goods from being introduced into England. The idea was to get an international standard fixed below which no industry should be allowed to sink.

Failing adequate protection for the worker in any other country exporting goods to the United Kingdom, power was given to prevent such goods entering at our ports.

The object was clearly to raise the standard of labour abroad as well as at home.

The International Labour Legislation Committee in Paris has gone a step further, and is endeavouring to draw up a charter for Labour which shall be operative throughout the civilised world.

Certain of the proposals which have already been sanctioned affect children and young people.

No child under fifteen is to be employed in any industrial occupation, and young persons between fifteen and eighteen years of age are not to be employed more than six hours a day.

PROTECTION FOR WOMEN.

They will receive two hours in technical and continuation schools between the hours of 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. Young persons are not to be employed in unhealthy trades or in mining. An eight-hour day has been agreed upon, or, failing that, a forty-eight-hour week.

Where night work is allowed it is to be paid for at a higher rate, and the Saturday half-holiday is to be introduced in all countries.

There is to be a continuous weekly rest of at least thirty-six hours taken from Saturday to Monday.

So far as women are concerned, their hours of labour on Saturday are not to exceed four. They are not to be employed at night, and they are not to receive work to do at home after the regular day's work.

Dangerous or unhealthy trades are prohibited in their case, and amongst the most important of the regulations is that which forbids work for ten weeks in the time before and after child-birth, six weeks of which must be taken after the confinement. The question of payment for work is a more difficult matter, but the committee has agreed that women should be paid the same as men for the same job.

Sir Charles Dilke's labours with regard to lead poisoning have their reward in the prohibition of the use of white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches and of white lead.

The railway workers have insisted upon the use of automatic couplers to be fitted to all railway wagons within five years.

Following on these important points in Labour's Charter is an agreement as to the right of free combination and association in all countries. This may make a great difference to Japan, for the Japanese Government has looked askance at labour combinations.

SPECIAL LAWS FOR SEAMEN.

Perhaps one of the most important of all the decisions of the Committee, is that with reference to immigration, and here again the East, with its large number of emigrating workers, is specially affected. Any State is to have a right to restrict immigration at a time of economic depression or with a view to protecting the public health. The State should also have the right to prohibit immigration where the immigrants do not come up to a certain standard of education.

It is obvious that no labour regulations could possibly be applied if the workers for whom the regulations are designed are totally ignorant and uneducated.

Other points in the Charter deal with Wages Boards, on which employers and workers are equally represented, and the establishment of Labour Exchanges and insurance against unemployment.

A special code of laws is included for the protection of seamen, a most important provision, since the work of the mercantile marine is of a more international character than any other occupation.

Finally, it is provided that there shall be a permanent Commission established to carry out these international labour regulations.

The Commission is to be made up of representatives of the League of Nations and the International Trade Union Federation, and a conference is to be called every year.

P. A.

A PRINCE INJURED.



Prince Aimone, who has been gravely injured as the result of an accident to the aeroplane in which he was flying from Venice to Trieste to join his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta. The machine was caught in a gale and fell, the pilot, Lieutenant Pierozzi, being killed.

PORTRAITS OF INTEREST.



Rear-Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley, to command a battle-ship division of the new Atlantic Fleet. The Resolution will be his flagship.



Captain Lord Hugh Grosvenor, Life Guards, previously reported missing at Zandvoorde on October 30, 1914, now presumed killed in action.

BELFAST PRISONERS PROTEST:



Panoramic photograph taken while Father Bowden was addressing an in



OFF TO PEACE CONFERENCE.—Miss Mary Anderson (right), "Women in Industry Service," U.S.A., and Miss Schweidman, New York Women's Trade Union League.



NEEDS DELICATE HANDLING.—Two sailor experts cautiously examining a mine which was washed ashore during a heavy gale about 100 yards from the promenade, Hornsea, Yorkshire.



A SPORTS SKIRT.—It is made of a clever combination of washable satin and white tussore, and is suitable for the river in the summer.



Father Flanagan also u

Meetings were held throughout Ireland in support of the treatment of the Irish political prisoners calling upon the Government to pass. "We view with horror the protest.—(Daily Mirror)



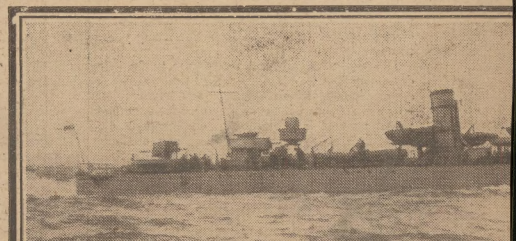
A STRAW HAT.—The velvet ribbon is interwoven through the crown, while the bunch of velvet fruit forms a special feature of a smart creation.



PRIMA DONNA'S RETURN.—Dame Nellie Melba, who is back in England. She raised £100,000 for the Red Cross by her singing.



TRENCHES ON THE SAND.—Children once more at play on Ostend beach. The war has had its effect on their games, and they have built elaborate defences.



"THE TRUANT."—H.M.S. Truant is the latest addition to the British fleet, designed and equipped by Messrs. J. Samuelson & Co.

ESTS ADDRESS HUGE CROWDS.



ed outside the Pro-Cathedral at Dublin. He spoke from a wagonette.

A RUSH TO THE RESCUE.



Mr. George Church.



Henry Doncaster.

Mr. Church (Grantham) raced along the banks of the River Witham and jumped to the rescue of the lad Doncaster, who was being carried away by the current.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE



A motor-lorry laden with pit props, cut in the woods at Bishop's Waltham, Hants, failed to negotiate an awkward corner, and crashed into a house. The forepart passed right through the walls, but the four men on the seat had a marvellous escape. House and car were badly damaged.



tte as a platform.

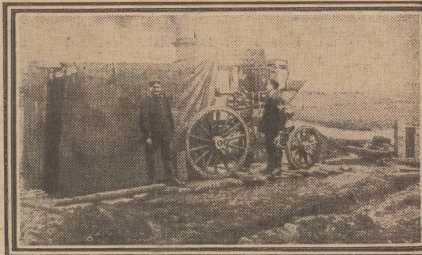
nday to protest against the Belfast Prison, and a rescue them immediately was out of these prisoners," said re photographs.)



A SIMPLE DRESS.—Blue taffeta and figured foulard are here combined. The straight lines are relieved by a girle at the waistline.



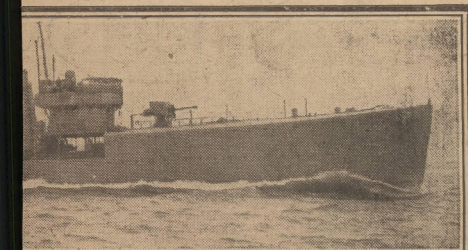
WHERE THE BURGLARS ENTERED.—By making a hole in the wall from the adjoining premises, thieves gained entrance to a jeweller's shop in Ludgate-circus and made an extensive haul.



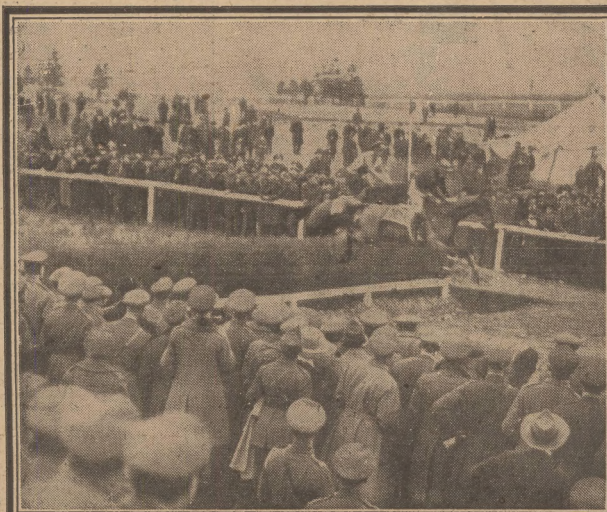
FLOODS AT AINTREE.—Liverpool firemen pumping water off the Grand National course with a powerful engine which was originally built to fight cotton fires.



ND WHITE.—The features of the pressed leaves, the trimmings a wreath-like arrangement of white chenille flowers.



an ocean-going destroyer of 28,000-s.h.p., and was built, 62- Co., Ltd., East Cowes, Isle of Wight.



RACES AT THE HUNS' FORMER G.H.Q.—Taking an obstacle in the Cavalry Corps Cup Steeplechase at Spas.—(Official photograph.)



AN ARMY "NUT."—A coloured British soldier wearing a good conduct stripe, chevrons, two wound stripes and white spats.

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DERBY—Victoria Buildings, London Road.
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BRISTOL—48, Castle Street & Tower Hill.
SHEFFIELD—101-103, The Moor.
COVENTRY—9-10, Burges Street.
WOLVERHAMPTON—35, Dudley Street.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Mrs. Ghyka, wife of Capt. Martin Ghyka, is daughter of the late British Minister in Rumania.



Lady Elizabeth Kerpel, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, has just returned from nursing in France.

BOLSHEVIST HUNGARY.

A Queer Railway Strike Threat—The Biggest Theatrical Week.

I MET a man yesterday who knows Hungary very well. He told me that he did not think Hungary had sincerely gone Bolshevik, but he added: "There are heaps of people with Bolshevik tendencies in Budapest, and I begin to fear that Bolshevism will gain the upper hand all over Central Europe if Paris dawdles much longer."

The Egyptian Trouble.

A very curious sidelight is thrown on the Egyptian disturbances by the disclosure that one of the four deported Nationalist leaders is understood to be a relative of Enver Pasha. There is no cause for anxiety about the troubles, but when the rioting is suppressed something must be done to meet reasonable constitutional demands.

No Anxiety.

The trouble in Egypt is not likely to be very serious from a military standpoint, I am told by one who has not long returned from that part of the world. The native mob in Cairo that has been doing so much damage would easily be dispersed by British soldiers.

Wily Arabs.

The fighting Arabs who served under the King of the Hedjaz are a different type from the Bedouins. Their rules of fighting are primitive. Perhaps they were brave in their own light, for views of valour are different in the East. To catch the Turk napping, sleeping for preference, was their great "stunt."

Curious Strike Threat.

I have heard a queer story about a recent threatened strike against the eight hours' day at one of the big London termini. The men argued that they had to work far harder during their eight hours than their "comrades" at little wayside stations. They therefore contended that they should have a further reduction of hours.

These Easter Excursions.

Experts in economies are astonished at the continued clamour for cheap excursion trains at Easter. They say nothing shows more clearly that the nation does not even now understand the railway position. Cheap fares just now mean that the taxpayer must find the difference.

Lord Bryce in Whitehall.

In Whitehall yesterday afternoon I caught a glimpse of the venerable Lord Bryce, heroically battling his way along the pavement in the teeth of the biting wind. The ex-Ambassador to America was looking wonderfully fit for a man in the eighties.

Law and Politics.

I believe that Mr. Justice Sankey, whose statesmanlike report on the coal situation has been greatly admired, would have liked a political life. In answer to a friend some years ago, he said that nobody could make a success of anything unless he stuck to it, and being in the law he intended to stick to it.

A Dry Job.

Mr. Justice Sankey was happier in the active life of an advocate than on the bench. After he became a Judge, he described judicial work as "a dry job."

In the Trenches—Now!

Nature is busy repairing the ravages of war. In the trenches and shell holes around Givenchy crouches and snowdrifts have been found growing recently. A soldier who lives there writes to me that the only thing he ever hears is the singing of the lark—so deserted and peaceful is the place nowadays.

As to Ships.

I believe that the shipping interests in the House are to press the Government to declare its policies as to shipbuilding and maritime industries generally. It is felt that the general uncertainty as to the future is rather hampering this essential trade.

Absence Prolonged.

A week ago Mr. Lloyd George expected to have spent this week-end with his family at Walton. Now there is no knowing when he is coming back. It is not even being talked about in Government circles.

Not Cricket.

There is a growing impatience with war taxes. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is to be asked in the House whether he will remove the entertainment tax on the gate money at cricket and football matches.

De Valera's Deputy.

Father O'Flanagan will hand over the reins of the Republican movement to Mr. De Valera to-morrow, when the "President" makes a sort of state entry into Dublin. It is thought that as Mr. De Valera no longer regards himself as a fugitive from British justice he will make another attempt to get to America.

Larkin to Return?

Quietly and behind the scenes there is an agitation by a Labour section in Dublin for the return of "Jim" Larkin, who was banished from the country during the war, and is now somewhere in the States. When he comes back he may resume control of the Transport Union, but as to this there is some difference of opinion in Liberty Hall.

A Theatrical Week.

Theatricals, the week that opened yesterday will be the most considerable since the war began. The "serious dramatist," overwhelmed during the feverish days of conflict by a flood of lingerie and lyrics, is beginning to raise his head again. To-morrow night at the Globe will be Mr. Macdonald Hastings' version of Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Victory."

Maugham's the Word.

Then, on Thursday, that maker of witty comedies, Mr. Somerset Maugham, has a new



The Duchess of Manchester is returning from the States to London.



Miss Beatrice Lillie in "Oh, Joy!" which was transferred yesterday to the Apollo.

play, "Caesar's Wife," produced at the Royalty. Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Aubrey Smith will have the leading parts.

Romance.

On Friday romantic comedy will have its chance. With a huge cast, headed by Mr. Robert Loraine and Miss Stella Campbell, "Cyranod de Bergerac"—a fresh translation of Rostand's play—will at the Garrick attract the lovers of costume and compleats.

Revue, Too.

Nor should we forget that revue is still able to sit up and take nourishment, in spite of the assaults of the highbrows. "Joy Bells," Mr. de Courville's ninth revue at the Hippodrome, opens to-night, with the only Mr. George Robey in the cast.

Original.

Discussing the Lyric's forthcoming production of "Romeo and Juliet" with Mr. Basil Sydney, I learnt that neither he nor Miss Doris Keane had ever seen the tragedy presented on the stage. So their readings of the star-crossed lovers cannot be modelled on anybody else's.

March Dust.

If a "peek of March dust is worth a king's ransom," yesterday might have ransomed all the Central European ex-potestates. A brisk nor'-east wind whirled the dust around merry, and one's eyes and nose distinctly suffered.

"Demobbing" the Mascots.

The War Office has signified at last that regimental live mascots from abroad may be brought home. But "foxes, wolves and jackals" are under the same quarantine restrictions as dogs. Which regiment kept a Zoo in the field, I wonder?

If the Goat's Got the Flu.

All animals must be accompanied by a veterinary certificate stating that they are free from epizootic lymphangitis and other complaints. If the regimental goat has influenza or the officers' parrot a cough the unfortunate creature cannot be demobbed.

Newest War Industry.

I hear of a French resident at Arras who was found directing rapid revolver fire at a lot of old shrapnel helmets, both English and French. Asked to explain, he replied: "I make the souvenirs to sell to the after-peace visitors."

Thorough.

Around that district the collection (and creation) of genuine war souvenirs is busily proceeding. But certain local residents are complaining that so thoroughly are our Army salvage personnel working that there will be no souvenirs left on the ancient battlefields.

Broken War-Time Romances.

I saw an unusually large number of second-hand engagement rings in a jeweller's shop yesterday. The manager told me that every other day he is visited by disillusioned men anxious to dispose of their returned engagement rings. They are invariably very shy, and beat about the bush a lot before producing the tiny box.

Glamour Gone.

Most of these disappointed suitors appear to be demobilised men. They make all sorts of excuses for selling the rings. Very few are brave enough to say that they were jilted. One ex-officer, however, admitted that the glamour departed when he got into "civvies."

IF PADEREWSKI TAUGHT YOU MUSIC.

Just think what it would mean to you if Paderewski and Mark Hambourg agreed to teach you to play the piano. Would you hesitate to accept their offer, if you knew that it would cost you very little?

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JOHN DUNN.—"On Playing the Violin."

SIR F. H. COWEN.—"The Art of Conducting."

EDWIN H. LEMARE.—"The Art of Organ Playing."

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A Successful Ball.

There are Bradburys in balls. Lady Cynthia Colville tells me she has made £900 for her nurseries in the East End by her recent ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. Expenses were rigidly kept down. I congratulate Lady Cynthia on her achievement.

An Anniversary.

As to-morrow is the anniversary of Beethoven's death, the Philharmonic Society's concert at Queen's Hall will include



Mrs. Barton French has had a gold medal and has been made a Corporal of Chausseurs for nursing work.



Miss Joan Atkinson is to marry Engineer-Commander W. A. Bury, D.S.O., next month.

two of his greatest works—the Fifth Symphony and the Overture to Leonore—No. 3.

A Novelty.

An entirely new work will be Mr. Edward German's "Theme and Six Diversions," which he has only just finished. Mr. Robert Radford will sing "Wotan's Farewell."

Airman in Film.

Among a party of film actors at Richmond a day or two ago I met young Charles Courtneidge, the son of Mr. Robert Courtneidge. He was until recently a flight commander in the R.A.F., but is now demobilised.

For Blind Heroes.

All the proceeds of Mr. E. T. McCarthy's book, "Experiences of an Engineer," have been given to St. Dunstan's Hostel for soldiers blinded in the war. Now the author tells me that he is getting ready a second book on the same theme, and the same good object will receive the proceeds of the new one.

THE RAMBLER.

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Mr. Charles Jarrott writes:

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NOBODY'S LER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

THE UNOPENED LETTER.

URSULA made no attempt to open the letter. She held it for a moment, as if uncertain what to do with it; then she laid it down beside her plate.

Mr. March, watching her with his usual suspicion, peered round the coffee-pot. "Why don't you open your letter?" he asked.

"Because it isn't important," Ursula answered quietly. She meant what she said. The last weeks seemed to have wiped out of her life anything that Jake had once done to her. She had made up her mind to do without him. Her greatest feeling now was anger that after all he should have intruded himself upon her again.

She saw her uncle off to the City, and kissed him for the first time in weeks. Perhaps it was because she was leaving him that he looked a somehow pathetic figure to her as he walked off down the street. He would come home to an empty house that night. She wondered if deep down in his heart there was any real grief for his wife, or if he really cared nothing at all. She turned back into the house dispiritedly.

Her boxes had been brought down into the hall. They stood upon one another blocking the way at the foot of the stairs. Mary, the little maid of all work, sniffed with tearful eloquence whenever she passed them. Ursula carried Jake's letter upstairs with her, still unopened. She laid it down on the dressing-table while she washed about the room, putting away the last few odds and ends of her possessions.

Why had he written? She did not know, and tried to believe that she did not care. There was a dull apathy in her heart concerning him. She seemed definitely now to belong to the past which she was so rapidly leaving behind.

Perhaps he has been ill, and could not write before. She found herself thinking, and then realised that that was the possible excuse, seeing that he had managed to write to Doris. It was odd that, in spite of all she had discovered about Doris, she never for one moment suspected that the girl had lied when she said she had heard from Jake.

"Perhaps he has really written before, and the letter has been lost." She dismissed that excuse, too, wondering at herself for troubling to think of it.

It was only in books and plays that such trivial things occurred and made a tragedy of people's lives. There was no reason why a letter from Jake should be lost in the post any more than a letter from anyone else. She put on her hat and coat, and looked at the clock. A taxi had been ordered for ten. There was still a quarter of an hour to wait.

She went down the stairs to Mary. The girl was to leave the house with her boxes, and after to-night the house was to be shut up. Already it had assumed a forlorn appearance, Ursula thought, as if aware of the fate about to overtake it.

She went into the drawing-room and looked round with sad eyes. She had always thought it an ugly room, but now she had a painful feeling that it was a friend she was leaving behind her.

The piano was shut, and all the music had gone from the cabinet. The blinds were still drawn half-way down.

It seemed only yesterday that Jake had been here in this very room, offering her his friendship, which she had so blindly refused. Blindly! A little bitter smile curved her lips. Her first instinct had been right, after all, it would appear. She wished that she had never met him.

"What will you do, love, when I am going?"

The haunting refrain of the song rang through her head obstinately.

"I shall never sing it again," she thought. Last night, when she packed her music, she had hunted for the copy of that song and destroyed it. But nothing could tear it from her memory.

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings Thy fond confidings should undermine?" And abiding, near sultry skies, Should think other eyes as bright as thine. . .

Ursula flinched as if something hurt her. If only she could forget! If only one could put back the hand of time and wipe out a few weeks—even a few days—from one's life!

Mary came to the door. She was crying outright now as she spoke to Ursula. "The cab is here, please, miss."

"I'm quite ready," Ursula answered, and she turned away, Jake's unopened letter still in her pocket.

It was raining out in the street. "It always seems to be raining," Ursula thought drearily, and involuntarily she stopped at the doorway for a moment, as if hesitating to go on into the dismal world.

She was beginning a new life. When she shut the door of this house behind her there would be no going back, no retracting. She had got to go on into the future, no matter what it brought her, no matter whether she failed or succeeded. She was very young, and for a moment her heart sank. She was so utterly alone; her father dead—Mrs. March dead—Jake gone!

The little maid, who had walked down to the gate, came timidly back to where Ursula stood. "Please, miss, the driver says he's in a hurry, and are you coming?"

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Ursula started. "Yes—in a moment." She went back into the house and into the dining-room, where the remaining guests had been lit that morning for Henry March's benefit still smouldered redly in the grate.

Ursula took Jake's unopened letter from her pocket, threw it into the fire and watched it burn—a last sacrifice to her pride.

It took a long time. The thick paper shrivelled away slowly, but it was gone at last, leaving only a wraith-like grey ash.

Ursula turned away and went out into the rain.

TIDINGS OF JAKE.

A FORTNIGHT after Jake's disappearance from London, John Spicer went round to the office of Simpson, jun.

It had been Elsa's suggestion. "They are his lawyers. They must know where he is," she insisted. "And I'm getting anxious about him, if you're not."

Spicer had been anxious all along, and he adopted his wife's suggestion readily. It was a great disappointment to discover, therefore, that Mr. Simpson could tell him nothing.

"I am anxious to see Mr. Rattray myself," he said. "I have written three times to his rooms, and have had no reply. Surely somebody must know where he is to be found?"

"If I don't, I hardly think anyone else does," Spicer answered rather grimly. "Of course, he has gone off like this before, but not for so long without writing to someone." He looked at Mr. Simpson hesitatingly. "He was pretty seedy, too, when he went away," he added.

"I know," he told me.

The two men eyed one another doubtfully, each wondering how much the other knew. "The doctor says it is," Spicer went on restlessly. "I know he hasn't got much money. You see—"

He paused, not knowing whether to speak of the thousand pounds that had gone to Ursula or not.

Mr. Simpson smiled. "Mr. Rattray could have as much money as he wishes, if I knew where he is to be found," he said quietly. "A codicil has been found to his uncle's will by which Mr. Rattray inherits a further substantial legacy. That is why I am so anxious to get into communication with him."

Spicer beamed delightedly. "By Jove! That's good news," he said, heartily. "It will make a difference to the poor old chap."

Mr. Simpson drew imaginary patterns on his blotter with a quill pen. "I understand that Mr. Rattray is very ill," he said, cautiously.

Spicer hesitated, then he blurted out, impulsively: "I've told you that it's all up with him. I dare say you know. I always thought it was a damned shame to have told him at all. Of course he took the pig-headed, philosophical view that nothing mattered. I was determined to talk him out of it, but I might as well have saved myself the trouble. However, this windfall will make all the difference—I can't tell you how delighted I am—and, say, you—couldn't you insert an advertisement in the 'Mirror' or something, and try to find him that way?"

Simpson, jun., said he would do what was possible, and Spicer went away feeling much happier.

Things were not going to turn out so badly, after all, he hoped. He was an optimistic soul, and always managed to catch a glimpse of a silver lining to even the blackest cloud.

As he was hurrying back to tell Elsa, a man in uniform crossed the road and stopped him.

"Hullo, Spicer! Thought I couldn't be mistaken! By Gad! I am pleased to see you again. So you've managed to get out of the Army?"

"Settled down," Spicer answered, cheerily, as they shook hands. "What have you been doing? It must be a year or more since I saw you."

"You know; but I was sent home last May, you hear, and they've stuck me up on the East Coast ever since. I'm hoping, however, to get out very soon now. I've had enough. By the way, he broke out, abruptly, "whom do you think I knocked across the other day?"

Spicer shook his head. "Well, Rattray?" the other man answered. "Jake Rattray—and a nice wreck he looks too! Why, the fellow's aged years since I saw him! Didn't seem particularly pleased to see me either, he added reminiscently. "Said he was staying in a farmhouse on the cliffs there at the back of Runtun—dead-and-alive hole!"

"Is he there now?" Spicer asked the question quietly enough, though he was full of excitement at this unexpected piece of good luck.

"Yes—going to stay some time, so he told me. Poor old fellow! I felt sorry for him, I can tell you. Munching along with a mongrel dog at his heels, he was. Never saw such a disconsolate-looking pair."

Spicer nodded. "He's been ill," he said. "I must have known, and see him—he only left town a week or two ago."

He went back to Simpson, junior, and told him what he had heard.

"I shall run down and see him," he said eagerly. "I shall go to-night, if I can manage it. Bit of luck, eh?"

Simpson, junior, was very pleased, and said so, and Spicer dashed off home, calling in at Jake's rooms on his way to collect any letters that might be waiting for him.

He told Mrs. Sale that he knew where Jake was, and was going down to see him.

"I shall bring him back with me if I can," he said. "Home's the best place for a man this weather."

"Go! Why, of course, you must," Elsa answered, when he told her. "Go to-night! There's plenty of time. I'll see about packing your things."

By **RUBY M. AYRES**



Ursula Lorimer.

"You seem very anxious to be rid of me," her husband said, rather aggrievedly, but she only laughed.

"Silly old thing! I'm no more anxious for you to go than you are to go yourself. I know you've been worried to fiddle-strings all this time about Jake, and I have too!"

"I'm ever so glad you've found out where he is."

"You haven't heard from Miss Lorimer lately, I suppose?" Spicer asked casually.

"Not since she left her uncle's. I went past the house the other day. It looked dreary enough—all shut up, and a board stuck up in the front garden."

She gave a little shiver. "You know, John, I feel so sorry for Ursula. I am sure she must have had any real happiness."

"There's plenty of time yet, anyway," Spicer answered. "She's young, she's got all her life before her."

"Nobody is ever too young to be happy," Elsa answered rather offensively.

She went to see her husband off at the station.

RUN TO EARTH.

"BRING Jake back with you," were her last words as the train steamed out. "And bring him to us. I can look after him much better than any landlady." She ran along beside the train for a few steps. "And the dog, too," she added. "Be sure and tell him that I don't mind the dog coming at all."

"Bless you, heart!" said Spicer rapturously. "Take care of yourself. I'll send a wire to-morrow to say what time you may expect us."

He reached Runtun early in the evening—a chill, blowy evening it was, with a rough sea, and the sea screaming seagulls whirling overhead inland.

Spicer thought he had never seen a more deserted-looking spot in his life as he made his way, head downwards, up the cliff path to the little house which he believed Jake to be in.

Local inquiries had not been of much help, save that a girl in the post office had told him she was sure that a man answering to Jake's description had taken rooms at the house in question.

"I've noticed him," she explained, "because he looked so ill, and because there was always a little dog with him."

It was just right enough, Spicer was sure, and he set off on the fringe hopefully.

It had begun to rain a little, in spite of the high wind, and he was cold and hungry by the time he reached the house, which stood some way back from the road and was reached by a muddy, unmade path through a field.

There was a light in one of the front, downstairs windows, and, as Spicer had to pass it on his way to the front door, he glanced in casually through the blindless window.

It was a small room, and rather too crowded with furniture, but it looked warm and cosy in comparison with the dreary exterior, and Jake was there in a big chair drawn up by a bright fire, with the mongrel curled up at his feet.

Spicer went on to the door, which was opened by an awkward-looking girl in her teens.

"Yes, Mr. Rattray lives here," she said. "Shall I tell him?"

"No," said Spicer, "don't bother, thanks. I'll go in."

He left her gaping after him in the hall, and made his way to Jake's room. He opened the door without knocking, and walked in.

"Well, you old crotcher!" he said cheerily. The dog sprang up with a startled yelp and ran forward, and Jake turned sharply in his chair, his pale face flushing.

There was a moment's silence, then Spicer said, trying to laugh, "You're as cold as the devil, and wet through. You're not very hospitable."

Jake rose to his feet. He looked terribly ill, Spicer thought, with a little dread sinking. He held out his hand.

"You don't seem tumbling over yourself with delight to see me," he protested.

Jake laughed, rather a weary laugh. "I am, at it was a bit of a shock. Take your coat off and sit down. I'll ring for tea—I haven't had mine yet. Lie down, Patrick!"

He kicked the dog playfully with his foot. "And how the dickens did you find me?" he asked, blantly.

Spicer took off his wet coat and sat down by the fire. "It was a pure bit of luck," he said. "I've been hunting round for you for weeks, and then this morning I ran against Maitland—you remember Maitland?"

Jake laughed grimly. "Oh, you've seen him, have you? I might have known he'd be bound to run up against you. Things always happen like that when you don't want them to."

Spicer frowned. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for not writing," he said. "I'm going to take you back to town with me to-morrow."

"You're not," said Jake, steadily. "Oh, all right! I won't argue at present. You've got a few things to explain first, and I've got a few things to tell you."

Jake went back to his chair. His face looked hard.

"You've got nothing to tell me that I want to hear," he said, in a voice of flint. "If you've come down to see me, all right! But if you've come down to interfere and rake up the past—"

Jake leaned back and closed his eyes. "Hang the past!" he said hoarsely. "I've done with it, I tell you—done with everything."

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.



THOSE "SILVER THREADS"!

Why Should They Depress You?

Let Hinde's Hair Tint Do Its Work.

There are few things which depress a woman so much as the knowledge that her hair, which has been a source of pride at all times, is fast fading. There are few things that give her greater pleasure than the discovery that a single application of Hinde's Hair Tint (universally known as "Seegerol") is a safe and certain remedy for this state of things.

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KNOWN AS-SEEGEROL.

Hinde's Hair Tint is the product of Hinde, Limited, of Hair Waver fame, whose toilet articles de luxe are used the world over.

Hinde's Hair Tint is the staunch and valued friend of three-quarters of a million women all over the world, because there is nothing so natural in its effect, because it is absolutely harmless to the hair, because it is washable and permanent—because it never fades to those tell-tale tints which ordinary hair dyes so ludicrously produce. You can get it in any natural shade required—dark brown, light brown, black, auburn and golden.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 the Flask, or direct from HINDE'S, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.

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Sale of FURNITURE and Household Requisites.

DURING this Sale all discontinued designs in Furniture, Carpets, Upholstering Fabrics, &c., will be offered at exceptional reductions to clear.

Prior to the resumption of manufacture of our regular productions on a large scale, no Catalogue can be issued, but full particulars of any article will be sent upon request, stating requirements. A visit of inspection is cordially invited.

FURNITURE.

Dark Oak Jacobean Bedroom Suite, comprising wardrobe, 3ft. wide, dressing chest fitted with 2 long drawers and swing mirror, 3ft. wide, enclosed washstand, marble top, tiled back, and towel-rails attached. The Set, with one cane-seated chair ... **£22 10 0**

Solid Oak Bedsteads with wire spring mattress, ovaly mattress, bolster and feather pillow, 3ft. by 6ft. 6in. long. Offered for each **£3 18 6**

Comfortable Lounge with spring seat, stuffed hair, and covered with durable tapestry. Original price £12 6. Offered for **£4 18 6**

CARPETS.

Seamless Velvet Carpet in a number of designs and colourings, suitable for all rooms:
9ft. 6in. x 12ft. 6in. ... **£4 18 9**
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750 pates of Plain Cotton Sheets, 66in. wide by 21yds. long, good heavy make, perfectly clean, no dressing. To be Cleared at **18/9** per pair.

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Price **12/11**

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D. H. EVANS and CO., Ltd.
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Manufacturers: C. LEETHAM & CO. Portsmouth.

SUGAR MONDAY AT THE TEASHOPS.

Customers Not Allowed to Help Themselves.

CHEAPER BACON?

Sugar replaced saccharine in the restaurants yesterday.

But while in some places sugar was given with a prodigal hand, in others customers were asked cautiously whether they would take sugar or not, and were not allowed to help themselves.

The public is not yet consuming the full ration of sugar available.

This is partly a question of habit; even children have grown used to doing without sweet things.

But it is also a question of price. A housewife thinks twice before increasing her sugar purchases at 73d. a pound.

Bacon will undoubtedly be sold at easier prices when supply and distribution are freed next Monday, and when Government stocks are sold. But the trade is unwilling to forecast reductions before they know the prices at which official stocks will be sold.

"FREE TRADE" IN TEA.

Larger Supply of All Classes on the Market Following De-control.

The lifting of the control price off tea had the effect yesterday of placing a much larger supply on the market.

Since the maximum price of 2s. 6d. was placed on the commodity, it has been increasingly difficult to obtain supplies of "China" and other favourite kinds of tea.

The prices are both higher and lower than the recent controlled price, and compare very much with the variations of pre-war times.

"China" tea to-day is obtainable at 3s. 2d. and 4s. (minimum), and other sorts vary according to quality.

A retailer in a large way of business in the City says there will be good stocks of all classes of tea on hand now that "free trade" is once again in vogue.

THE BANK'S "PROFITS."

Baseless View of a Windfall to the Treasury—The Markets.

From Our City Editor.

THE CITY, Monday.

The statement of the Governor of the Bank of England at last week's court, that the bank "will account to the Government for the whole of its excess profits during the war period," has given rise to the idea that a considerable windfall is awaiting the Treasury.

This is a baseless vision. It simply means that the bank will only charge the Government the actual cost of the special war work it has performed for the State.

As far as the bank's ordinary business during the war is concerned, there can be no question of excess profits.

In accordance with its usual policy, the bank has not sought to make large war profits out of the public purse, but—to quote the Governor: "has preferred to render considerable service to the State at a minimum cost to the Exchequer."

Markets were very dull and uninteresting to-day. With the outlook apparently more uncertain than ever in Europe, even although industrial situation is happily easier, investors show no disposition to deal either way.

Liopons were exceptionally in demand 30s. 6d. The market argues that the directors would hardly be calling shareholders to vote them additional remuneration if they did not intend to promise an increased dividend. A-rated Breads 3 13-16, Maypole Deferred 21s., Spiers and Ponds 22s. 9d., Vanden Berghs 3, all better.

In other Industrials Vickers 40s., Hadfield's 7s., Cunard 4s., Marconi 4 11-16, all favoured. There are persistent rumours of further important impending developments in connection with the last-named. Sudan Plantations and Bengal Irons both attained new records, 54 and 8 5-16 respectively.

Mines showed several minor features. Colombian Minings, after 55s. 6d. and 57s. 6d., closed 57s. Amalgamated Zinc 32s. 3d., Cape Copper 27, Gedults 27-16, East Pools 35s. 6d., all harder. Rhodesia Broken Hills rose to 18s. and closed 18s. 6d. on circular regarding company's zinc ore areas. Rhodesia Consols, 1s. up, 5s. 3d.

Rubbers steady generally, but closed below their best. Anglo-Dutch 40s. 3d. Oils steady. Anglo-Burmese 4s. Kansas Oklahoma Prefs. 9s. sellers on absence of dividend.

SHOT BY SENTRY.

Mr. Charles Church, Belgrave-square, Monks-town, was shot in the hand by a sentry at Kingstown, it was reported yesterday, while going to the Royal Marine Hotel.

Following the raid on the aerodrome at Collingwood, the military have been instructed to fire on unauthorised persons who approach their posts and do not halt when challenged. Church was twice challenged, and it appears he did not respond.

£40,000,000 FOR BREAD

How the State Subsidy Might Be Reduced by £10,000,000.

'TOO WIDE MARGIN FOR PROFIT.'

A Sub-Committee appointed by the Select Committee on National Expenditure has taken evidence from the Ministry of Food and the Wheat Commission as to the methods adopted to give effect to the decision of the War Cabinet, in September, 1917, that the 4lb. loaf was to be sold at a uniform price of 9d. throughout the country, any resulting loss to millers and bakers being made good out of a State subsidy.

It is to be regretted, states the Committee, that the effect of this decision was not fully explored beforehand, as a complete examination of the system of bread supply in the country might have led to a very large reduction of the subsidy, now estimated to cost £40,000,000 a year.

Flour is sold to the bakers at the uniform price of 43s. 9d. per sack, which was calculated on the assumed cost of conversion into bread of 23s. per sack, to enable the bakers to sell the loaf for 9d. The millers are recouped for their loss out of the State subsidy.

The costs of baking, however, vary so largely, say from 10s. to 25s. per sack, or 14d. to 3d. per loaf, according to capacity, machinery and local conditions, that it is impossible to fix a uniform flat rate for flour, whilst maintaining an absolutely fixed price for the loaf, without allowing too wide a margin of profit for large efficient bakeries or, alternatively, starving out the small ones, which are necessary for distribution.

Roughly speaking, four-fifths of the bread is made by one-tenth of the bakers, and while these large efficient bakeries are reaping excessive profits owing to the price fixed for flour, the small establishments are continually pressing for leave to sell bread at a price above 9d.

If trade fluctuation in the price of bread were permissible, the price of flour to the baker might be raised by several shillings a sack, without raising the price of bread in the vast majority of cases above 9d.

It is estimated that 1s. more in the price of flour represents a saving of £2,000,000 of the State subsidy, so that if the price of flour could be raised by 5s., which in our opinion is quite practicable without generally increasing the cost of the loaf to the consumer, the subsidy would be reduced by £10,000,000.

GIRL AND THE CIGARETTE.

Police Court Sequel to West End Restaurant Incident.

A smoking incident in an Edgware-road restaurant had a sequel at the Marylebone Police Court yesterday, when Beatrice Brown, of Kensal Rise, was charged with disorderly conduct.

A waiter at a restaurant said he noticed the accused smoking, and asked her to put the cigarette out. She refused and blew the smoke into his face, whereupon he knocked the cigarette out of her mouth.

Mr. d'Eyncourt: Don't you allow smoking?—Not ladies, sir.

Mr. d'Eyncourt: But you allow men?

"Gentlemen, sir," replied the waiter. Mr. d'Eyncourt, in discharging the accused, said he thought it was desirable that a notice should be put up in the restaurant: "No ladies allowed to smoke."

SMALLPOX IN LONDON.

Disease Stamped Out by Prompt Action by Authorities.

The smallpox outbreak in St. Pancras and Islington has now been stamped out.

Cases of smallpox appeared in these two districts towards the latter end of last month, for the third time in a few months, and six people were admitted to the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospital during a period of about ten days.

As the source of infection in these cases could be traced to the previous epidemic, the authorities were able to take immediate steps to prevent its spread.

No fresh cases have been reported during the past fourteen days, and as that is the period of incubation in these cases no further spread of this terrible disease need be anticipated.

LIEUTENANT'S FATE.

Missing since January 23, Lieutenant Harold Ernest Hatt, of the Royal Army Service Corps, has been found in the Exe near Bickleigh, Devon.

He was wounded a few days before the signing of the armistice, and suffered from loss of memory.

DESPICABLE ACT.

"We all know the good work that the Y.M.C.A. have done during the war. This is most grateful and despicable act," remarked the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House yesterday, in sentencing Thomas Hare, twenty, a private of the Lincolnshire Regiment, and Solomon Bayard, nineteen, A.S.C., each to one month's hard labour for stealing sheets from a Y.M.C.A. hostel.

Certain to Rise in Value

STUDY the prices of Investment Stocks for the last ten or fifteen years and you will be struck by the shrinkage in capital value which many of them have undergone. Holders who bought at 100 or 120 have seen the price of their securities falling gradually to 95, 90, 80, or even less; and in many cases there is no prospect of a recovery to the original market value.

But the very reverse is true of the present issue of 5 per cent. War Bonds. They are certain to rise in market value. For the whole of the money invested in these Bonds must be repaid by the State in 5 or 10 years; and it will be repaid not only in full but with a premium added.

It is this that enables the holder of War Bonds to regard the future with so enviable a sense of security. He knows that for every £1,000 invested in Five per cent. War Bonds the State will repay £1,020 in five years or £1,050 in ten years. And meanwhile he is drawing a safe five per cent. interest, and has retained the power to sell at any moment, should he so desire.

If you have any money available for investment you cannot do better than to put the whole of it into Five per cent. War Bonds. Your Banker or Stockbroker will do what is necessary as soon as he receives your instructions telling him how much you intend to invest.

NATIONAL War Bonds

Repayment and Interest guaranteed by the State

On sale at all Banks and Money Order Post Offices. You have the choice between 5 per cent. Bonds issued in 1919 and repayable in 1924 at £102; or 5 per cent. Bonds issued at £100 and repayable in 1929 at £105; or 4 per cent. Income Tax (consequently) Bonds issued at £101; 10:0 and repayable in 1929 at £100.

LAST STAGES OF OUR BEAUTY COMPETITION.

Widespread Speculation as to Probable Winners.

OUR "SPECIAL NUMBER."

Who will be Britain's war-working beauty queen?

Now that it has been made known when the names and portraits of the prize-winners of *The Daily Mirror's* £1,000 Beauty Competition for Women War Workers will be published, everybody is asking this question.

Speculation is general as to whether the principal Beauty Queen will hail from the north or south, whether she will be a country girl or a London girl, whether she will be English, Scotch, Irish, or Welsh, and so on.

Will the chief prize-winners be Waacs, Wrens, Waifs, or Red Cross nurses, or will they be found among the women makers of the ships, munition factories, or those who took the place of fighting men on trams, buses, and trains?

On all sides—in train and tube, at home and at business, in office and in restaurant—these questions are being asked and opinions hazarded.

They will be answered in *The Daily Mirror* on April 5 in a special beauty number.

LUNCHEON AT SAVOY.

Everyone will then know who are the forty-nine cash prize-winners and all about them. Their photographs will, of course, be published also.

The luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, where the Honorary Judging Committee will choose the four leading prize-winners from among thirty or so "probables" will take place on Friday next.

These "probables" will be the guests of *The Daily Mirror*, and all will be prize-winners of some kind, but the chosen first four among them will be entitled also to the week's free holiday in France to be arranged for them in the early summer by *The Daily Mirror*.

They will fly to Paris and come back by air, too, travelling in one of the famous Airco de Havilland aeroplanes which are carrying Peace Conference delegates between the British and French capitals.

The committee which has the delicate task of selecting the four principal Beauty Queens comprises:

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.
Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A.
Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., A.R.A.
Major Richard Jack, A.R.A.
Miss Anna Ayr, R.I., R.O.I.
Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Balfour).

Miss Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Herbert J. Buckmaster).

The copyright of all photographs of successful competitors is vested in *The Daily Mirror*. Competitors must remember that the decision of the Editor will be final, legal and binding in every way.

THREATS TO EX-KAISER.

Mysterious Letters Addressed to Exile's Dutch Retreat.

AMSTERDAM, March 22 (delayed). Great excitement prevails in the village to-day. Last night two letters arrived at the castle addressed to the ex-Kaiser, threatening his life.

One letter came from Amsterdam, the other from Belgium.

The letters were followed by a telegram to the ex-Kaiser from a personal friend warning him that his life was in danger.

The castle authorities took immediate action.

The local guard was called out and remained on patrol duty the whole night, fully armed. Reinforcements for the guard were fetched from the neighbouring barracks to-day. Reuter.

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.

Easy to Make and Costs Little.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other treatments have failed. Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive.

The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system, and its tonic action immediately increases the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1oz. of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home, and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 2oz. of sugar or two dessertspoons of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore-throat, running of the nose, Catarrhal discharges, head noises, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has Catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Advt.)

"FIRE FROCKS."

London Ballrooms Aglitter with Flame-Like Gowns.

JEWELLED FANS AND SANDALS.

"Firefrocks" is the Parisian term for the new dance gowns, some of which have just been seen for the first time in London.

Sequins, jets, metal tissues, pearl fringes, jet tassels, broadened ribbons—everything that scintillates and shimmers—are pressed into service to make this flame-like effect.

"When the glittering materials, fringes and tassels catch the light in the whirl of the dance the effect is of a ballet-like brilliance. Flame, gold, rose, blue and even deep crimson are the chosen colours," a Court dressmaker told *The Daily Mirror*.

At the Savoy Ball at the Savoy last night one gown was composed of strands of alternate gold and lacquer red shining beads.

Another, a shimmer of sea blue and green on silver, had floating sleeves of blue jet.

At the Hyde Park Dance Club the ballroom was filled with flickering lights thrown by the shining gowns. A clinging gown striped in gold tissue and aloe green had long fringes of gold jetted strands.

The favourite slippers for these flame-like creations were jewelled sandals bound over the instep. Fans of jewelled feathers and head-dresses of sequins and brocade added to the bizarre but beautiful effect.

GRIM THREE DAYS' ORDEAL

Man with Broken Leg Without Food or Drink.

At an inquest at Baintree yesterday on Charles Coe, an agricultural labourer, it was stated that he fell and broke his leg last Wednesday.

Being unable to attract attention, he lay exposed to the weather for three days and nights without food or drink, and covered with old lime bags.

He died just as an operation for amputation of his foot was about to be performed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Philip Snowden has resigned from the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic).

Admiral Sims lunched with the King and the Royal Family yesterday at Buckingham Palace.

Five times decorated in the war was the record of Private Swinnerton, who died yesterday in Newcastle.

Capital issue restrictions will be removed in so far as they relate to issues for domestic purposes in the United Kingdom.—Mr. Chamberlain.

Fortune to Manager.—Mr. James John Bowton Saffery, of 35, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., left £15,366, bequeathing the property absolutely to his manager.

More Russian Trouble.—Mount Elbruz, in Central Caucasus, which has been covered with ice for thousands of years, is discharging smoke.—Wireless Press.

Lieutenant A. Baldwin Raper, M.P., has received from the Air Ministry the Order of St. Stanislas, with the inscription that the decoration was awarded by the Russian Government prior to the revolution.

Egbert, the tank offered in competition by the National War Savings Committee, has been won by West Hartlepool, the sum raised during October 15-January 15, 1919, being £31 9s. 1d. per head of the population.

THE PRICE OF TEA.

Owing to an error, the price of Lipton's famous "Yellow Packet" tea was incorrectly quoted in yesterday's advertisement. The actual price is 2s. 8d. per lb.

TEA IS FREE

FROM CONTROL

NOW

try a cup of

Lipton's

If you want the best tea come to the firm that grows it.

Lipton's Tea has the largest sale in the world.

YELLOW PACKET

per 2/8 lb.

The "Old Time Favourite."

per 2/4 lb.

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Rich! Fragrant! Refreshing!

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LIPTON LTD.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY. Tonight at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.50.
AMBIGUOUS. LEE WHITE in a new song show "U.S." Every Eve. 8.30. Mats. Fri. Sat. 2.45.
APOLLO-Gaiety. 3.243. Every Evening at 8. Mats. Tues. Sat. 2.50. OH, JOY! A new Musical Play.
BEECHAM Oper. Season. Drury Lane. To-night, 8. Magic Flute; Wed. Mat. 2.50. Samson and Delilah.
COMEDY. Evenings at 8.15. "TALLS UP." A Musical Entertainment. Matinee, Mon. Fri. Sat. 2.30.
COURT. Nightly at 7.45. Mat. Wed. 2.15. Sheridan's "School for Scandal." To-night, 8.15. "TALLS UP."
DALY'S. THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Tues. and Sat. at 2.30.
DORIS. 3rd Year. 11th WEEK AND 500th PERFORMANCES TO-DAY of "The Maid of the Mountains."
DUKE OF YORKS. 2.50.8. THE MAN FROM TORONTO. George Tully, Eric Lewis. Mats. Tu. Th. Sat. 2.30.
GARRICK. Fri. Next, 7.45. First Mat. April 1. O. B. Cochran presents Robert Lorraine as Cyrano de Bergerac.
GLOBE. Marie Lohr. To-morrow, 7.30. "VICTORY," by B. M. Hastings from J. Conrad's Novel. Mat. Wed. 2.30.
HAYMARKET. Evenings at 8. "UNCLE SAM." A Comedy of American Life. Mat. Wed. Th. Sat. at 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. 3rd Year. CHU CHIN CHOW. Nightly at 7.30. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.
KINGSWAY. Musical Comedy. "SOLDIER BOY." Evgs. at 8.15. Mats. Tues. Fri. and Sat. 2.30. Ger. 4032.
LYCEUM. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. Gerrard 7617.
LYRIC. "DORIS KEANE in 'ROXANA.'" Nightly at 8. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.15. (Last Night).
LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. Mats. Th. S. and April 2. 2.30. ABRAMAM LINCOLN, by John Drinkwater.
MASKELINE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. 3 and 8 Wonder Programme. 6 to 1. Mayfair 1545.
NEW. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." The Irving L. Brathwaite, L. M. Lion. Evgs. 8. Mats. M. Th. Sat. 2.30.
OXFORD. Evgs. 8.30. "THE NIGHT WATCH." Midge Tiberidge. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. Nightly, 8. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE." Charles Hawtrey, Gladys Cooper. Mats. M. Th. S. 2.30.
PRINCE'S. At 8. "THE OFFICER'S MESS." A Musical Farce. Mats. Wed. Fri. Sat. at 2.30.
QUEEN'S. Even. 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. SWON NARES. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
ROYALTY. Thurs. 8.15. Mats. Sat. 2.30. CESAR'S WIFE, by W. R. Maughan. Fri. Comm. G. A. Smith.
ST. JAMES. Gertrude Elliott in "EVES OF YOUTH." Nightly at 8.15. Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S. To-night, 8.30 (afterwards, 9). SLEEPING PARTNERS. SEYMOUR HICKS. Mat. Sat. next.
SAVOY. Gilbert Miller presents "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." At 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
SCALA. MATHEWSON LAG in "THE PUPPET MASK." Even. 8. Matinee, Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Last Week.
SHAFFESBURY. "YES, UNCLE!" (2nd Year). Even. 8.15. Matinee Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
STRAND. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL." Evenings 8. Matinee, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE. At 8.15. Nelson Kears in "BUZZ BUZZ." Evgs. Margaret Hammerman. Mats. Tu. Th. Fri. Sat. 2.30.
WINDHAM'S. "THE LAW DIVY." A Comedy by H. V. Esmond. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Tues. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
ALHAMBRA. Evgs. 8. Mats. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.15. Bing Boy on Broadway. Violet Lorraine. Gus McNaughton.
COLISEUM. (Ger. 5411) 2.30 and 7.45. George Duggan. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Last Week.
ROSSINI. Russian Ballet. Irene Vanbrugh in "HALL-OF-FAIR." Hippodrome. London. 2.30. 8.30. "JOY-BELL!"
ST. PAUL'S. To-night, 8. Shirley Kellings, George Robey, etc.
LONDON PAVILION. C. B. Cochran. AS YOU WERE. Evgs. 8.30. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
PALEACE. Evgs. at 8. Mon. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. "HULLO AMERICA!" Elsie Janis, M. Chavallier, Billy Mesnon.
PALLADIUM. 2.30. 8.30. "THE LEVEL LITTLE QUEEN'S SMILE." Halls. Tea Dance, 4 p.m. (4s. 6d.) Evening Dance, 8 p.m. Evgs. Dances (6s. 6d.) Jazz Band.
PHILHARMONIC HALL. G. Portland and 2.30. WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. 2.30. 8.15.
NEW GALLERY. May Marsh in "The Cinderella Man." 2nd Benefit in the Biggest Show on Earth, etc.
QUEEN'S (Small). Halls. Tea Dance, 4 p.m. (4s. 6d.) Evening Dance, 8 p.m. Evgs. Dances (6s. 6d.) Jazz Band.
DANCE. To-night, 8.15. Hampton Town Hall. Dancing 7.30 to 11.30. Admission 4s. at hall. Jazz Band.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

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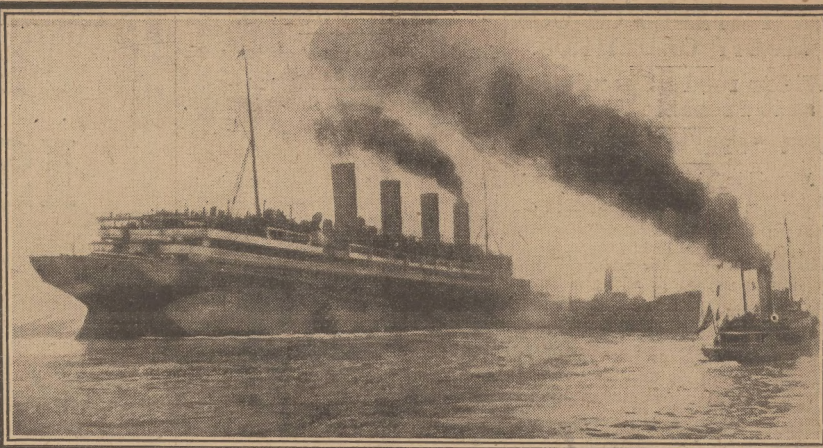
Tuesday, March 25, 1919.

PRINCESS BATHS A BABY.



Princess Margarette of Sweden, whose engagement to Prince Axel of Denmark is announced, acts as matron at a crèche for workmen's children.

THE AQUITANIA SINKS A BRITISH CARGO STEAMER.



A photograph taken as the Aquitania collided with the Lord Dufferin. The giant Cunarder (laden with troops) was steaming up to the pier at New York, while the cargo steamer was lying at anchor.



TO-DAY'S WEDDING.—Miss Olive Marsden-Smedley, M.B.E., and Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Foster, Highland Light Infantry.



AT WHAT FIGURE?—Watching Miss Mary Pickford, the cinema star, now recovered from her severe illness, signing a new contract. Left to right: Douglas Fairbanks, W. S. Hart, Charlie Chaplin, without a moustache, the lawyer, and D. W. Griffiths.



BEAUTY CONTEST.—She carried on her brother's business.



STILL "CARRYING ON."—Clerk in a Government office.



FINANCE CLERK to a divisional officer R.E.



Coffins on gun carriages. Note the Highlanders.



Mourners carrying flags. The crowds were dense.

MILITARY HONOURS FOR CIVILIANS.—Citizens of Antwerp who were shot by the Germans during the enemy's occupation were exhumed and given Christian burial by the Belgians. Among the victims were a Flemish architect and the Rev. T. H. Moon. Scottish soldiers sent a beautiful wreath.